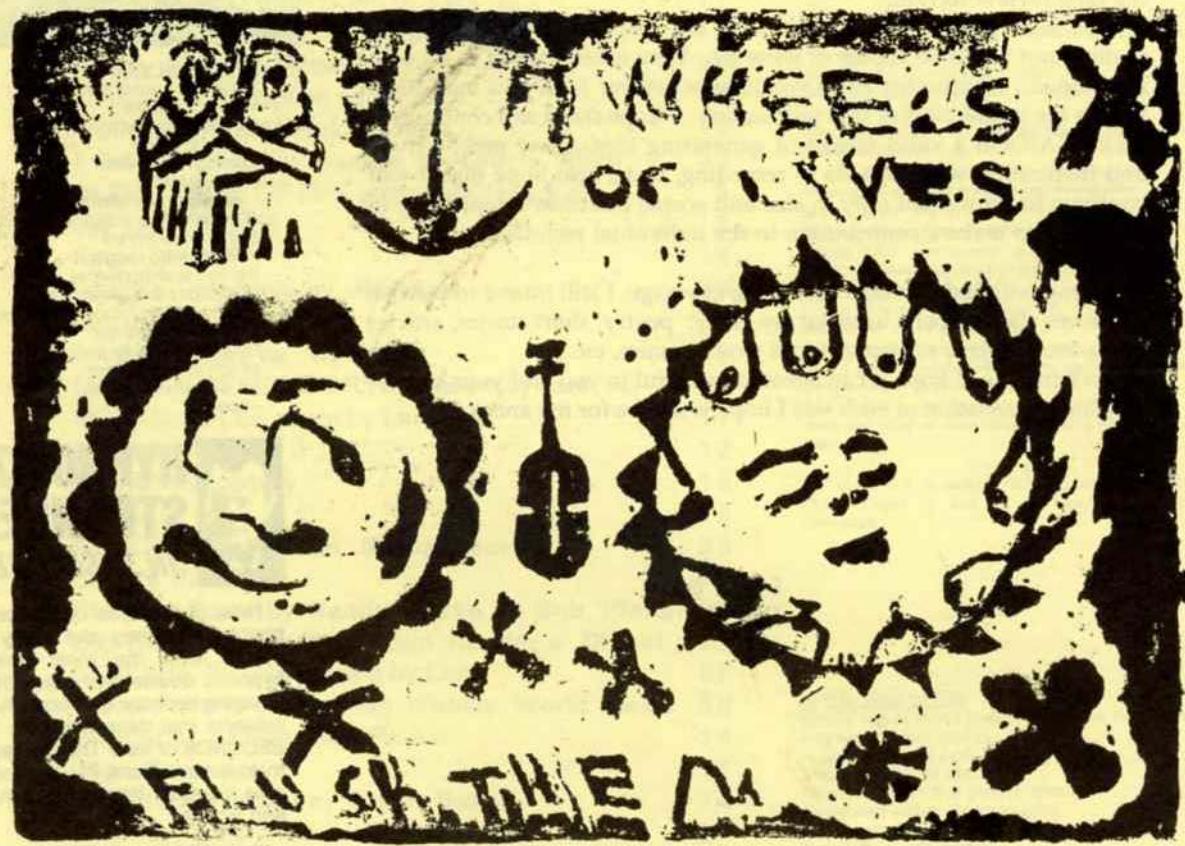


MAY
1989
NO. 003

GASPOB
'zine

\$1

an
applegoon production



WRITTEN BY BRIAN

Covering Cassette Culture

BRIAN
BROWN

Editorial

Welcome to issue #3!

There's been some drastic changes in the overall focus to GAJOOB. So let me explain.....

I began this 'zine with the intent to implement some kind of forum for local Salt Lake recording artists. After two issues and very minimal response I've come to the conclusion that confining it to a local audience was a mistake, and that I should therefore focus on the national independent recording culture. You will see this change very dramatically with letters originating from as far away as West Germany, several personal profiles and interviews, and most of all in the tape review section.

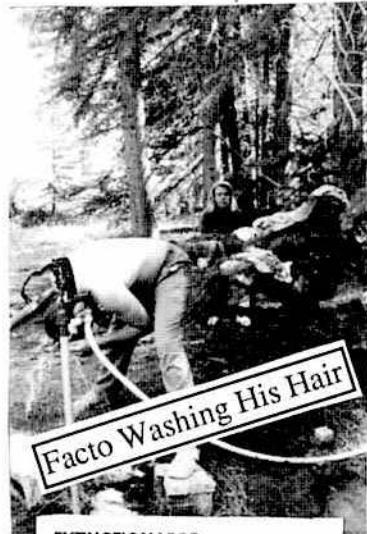
I've been pleasantly surprised by the response I received from mailing out about 50 copies of issue #2. Very much thanks to all who responded. I hope this issue validates whatever faith you may have had in the possibilities of this publication. I hope that I can continue to make GAJOOB a valid means of generating ideas, new perspectives and inspiration with regards to recording, and I also hope that it will continue to grow-- not only in size and scope; but most importantly in its ability to make a contribution to the individual recording artist and his art.

Along with independent recording coverage, I still intend to publish whatever else happens to strike my fancy: poetry, short stories, articles on various diverse subjects, stupid news, comics, etc.

So here it is. I hope it can become as useful to you and your music-- or your appreciation of such --as I hope it will be for me and mine.

Bryan Baker
Editor

The distinctive art prints featured on the cover and elsewhere in this issue are by **Wayne Branch**



EXTINCTION VICE

Darkness uncontrolled
in longing fierce
Nonchalance madly
waits in solice
prying out a wrist.
A rush so thick
does contemplate
a flowering warm mark
Piercing fluid area
veins of lean await
the thin slashing twines
Seldom more as distinct
as these thin branches of svelte
Time is warped ripe
to wage deadly outcomes
of saturated murder
on absorbent minds.
--Lars



HYPNOTIZE STRANGERS IN 30 SECONDS!

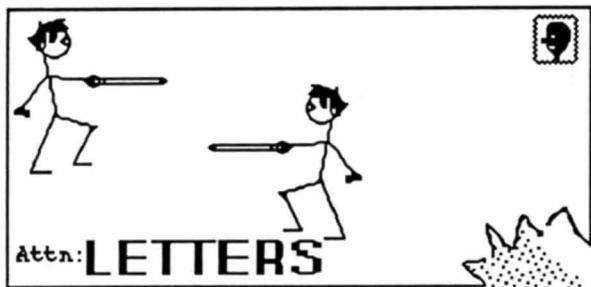
Now, at last, you can force total strangers to obey your every command...with the most powerful hypnotic device ever created! This amazing hypnotic disc actually pulls subjects into deep hypnosis in 30 SECONDS or less! The harder they try to remain awake, the less they are able to resist! Works on both men and women.

Only \$3.00 each, 2 for \$4.00 or 4 for \$6.00. Money back in 30-days if not satisfied. No CODs. ORDER TODAY!

Elite Publishing Service
Dept. NH, P.O. Box 95
Island Park, New York 11558

Table of Contents

Advertising Rates	3	GAJOOB is published every other month, 6 times a year by Applegoont Productions.
Applegoont Tapes notice	3	©Bryan Baker 1989. Contents may be copied with notice of origination.
Applegoont/GAJOOB notices	3	Advertising Rates:
BOOMERANG EFFECT poem by Lars	3	Full Page (7.5 X 6) \$25 Half Page (7.5 X 3 or 3.75 X 6) \$15 Quarter Page (3.75 X 3) \$10 Eighth Page (2 X 3) \$7 Classifieds \$1/40 words
Bud Collins Trio Self-Profile	25	
Carlson, Mike Interview	13	
Classifieds	9	Press run for issue #3 is 500 copies
Clowning Manson by Brian Staker	34	The Jay Leno Section
Dino DiMuro	31	EDP 11 X 17 color posters of Wayne Branch's art (and others) are now available for \$6 ppd. Send 25 cents (or a stamp) for a catalog.
DISTRESS poem by Bryan Baker	16	EDP GAJOOB stickers are available for 25 cents/8 stickers.
Dr. Elwood	11	EDP GAJOOB's first compilation tape is currently under construction. Send submissions (on cassette) along with information about yourself or your band. Participants get a copy in return. Wow!
Editorial	15	EDP Applegoont Tapes currently has 8 tapes available for \$5 each, ppd. (\$6 outside continental U.S., excluding Canada):
ENRAPTURED PAIN poem by Lars	2	<i>Ipsa Facto Something New?</i> <i>Strange experiments in pop by this fanatically anonymous band.</i>
EXTINCTION VICE poem by Lars	11	<i>Confetti Rain Acoustic Grey</i> <i>Acoustic guitar driven songs with Bryan Blur, Wayne Baker and Brian Cantwell.</i>
Frank, Nyle Interview	19	<i>Bryan Blur The Blind Mime Ensemble</i> <i>Various styles, smiles and denials by your friendly editor.</i>
GAJOOB subscription ad	3	<i>Bryan Blur My Prayer</i> <i>The newest release of pop excursions.</i>
GUINEA PIG MAN lyric by Ipso	33	<i>Bryan Blur Instrumental Imbalancing Act</i> <i>An all instrumental tape of works ranging from experiments to constructions.</i>
I Sang With Barry Manilow by Laurie Allen	16	<i>Gregg Allen & Bryan Blur Little Tyrants</i> <i>Compiled from 6 years of recording bees.</i>
IN THE SWIRL OF LIFE poem by Claus Korn	33	<i>Joe Maki & Bryan Blur Wherevermore</i> <i>After 3 years of painful collaboration, it's finally complete. Contains many of my personal favorites.</i>
Jay Leno Section	28	<i>The Applegoont Sampler-- 1989</i> <i>Tracks from all of the above releases (excluding #1), plus a few surprises.</i>
Kevin Connell	16	EDP GAJOOB is looking for regular columnists. Think about it, and let me know if you're interested.
Laurie's Diagnosis by Jim Ash	29	
Letters	29	
Love Practices by Danny	12	
MADE EXPRESSLY FOR HELL poem by Lars	11	In the Swirl of Life
MORTALS FLEE poem by Lars	12	Empty faces don't mean there are no dreams Highways full of spirits A red light stops it all Memories full of ideas Movements in the empty space Captured within your thoughts Let's embrace Emotions full of tension Rising groove in the dusty soul A glance full of fear Of being discovered As what you really are No escape-- running on Without an aim-- in the swirl of life
Musical Quotes	16	--Claus Korn ©1986
OPINIONS poem by	29	
Radio!	14	
RUMOUR by William Shakespeare	14	
Satan's Plan	14	
Ships of Fools by Randy Paske & Bob Pfeffer	32	
Slip-Bark Whistle plans from Reader's Digest	15	
STINGING SHARDS poem by Lars	26	
Stoopid World News from Weekly World News	30	
Swagerty, Shawn Self-Profile	14	
Tape Reviews	17	
TERRITORY poem by Bryan Baker	14	
UNDULATE IN THE RAW poem by Lars	26	
Words In Edgewise	35	
Zine Reviews	27	



Attn: LETTERS

The letters column has grown by great leaps and bounds over the last two issues. I love getting letters! Along with receiving tapes, they're what keep my spirits up about this whole 'zine business. If you don't want something printed in GAOOB's letters column, you better say so-- because otherwise I'll publish just about anything....

Bryan,

This paper was part of a Volkswagen tablet that my daughter JoJo bought at school and surprised me with by presenting it to me as a present tonight.

Thanks for sending your magazine to me. It looks like it's got a lot of potential. Who'd ever thunk they'd be a-rockin' in Salt Lake City? Are you all Mormons out there?

I've heard of TO/Ice before, haven't heard 'em yet. I'm not really a doom-and-gloom fan myself. Hope you're not too much that way, or you'll really hate this tape [see review--b.].

I do this tape production thing in hopes of trade. The only money I pay for music is for the raw materials or to get into a live show. I get plenty of music in the mail as trade, money is eliminated from the process.

And a message to Mike Carlson [letters in #2]: Heather Perkins is a great artist, a varied and prolific artist, and an exciting mail contact, and a rather well-known one too, if you've been around a bit. DON'T MISS IT!

Bryan, best of luck to you. I hope lots of people write to you and you have the best of luck with GAOOB. I like the look and feel of the thing. It's cool (oh God! did I write that?). I hope to see #3, don't ya know!

Thanks again!

Larry Ruhl
Windsor, CT

Sure we're a-rockin' in Salt Lake City. Who do you think invented spiritual angst (Or, at least perfected

it, anyway)? Of course the horns get in the way when you want to play bitchin', behind-the-back guitar solos-- but hey, that's life, huh? Believe it or not, Theatre of Ice is comprised of returned Mormon missionaries (oh, the disillusionment of it all). And for your information, I'm not a die-hard doom-and-gloom fan either. My own recordings lie mostly in the pop vein. I like writing "songs." I'm kind of partial to TOI's more softly moody stuff myself.

I reviewed Heather's "Dangerous Household Objects" in GAOOB #1. I really love that tape. I find it very inspiring. Mike Carlson does some things that are similar, in a way, so I thought he would like her tape. Incidentally, he's changed his mind about it since I printed that letter, and he was a little upset that I printed that. He's written to Heather about it too.

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for GAOOB #2; it was a wonderful item to receive through the mailslot.

Enclosed is S. Swag, Et Al. the tape you asked for. I'm pleased that you wrote for it, especially since I had marked your address in my copy of the last Factsheet Five; I was going to send you this item as soon as I got another paycheck. A piece of paper or two are also included, probably featuring a limited discussion of these recordings [see profile in this issue-- b.].

Your magazine is great: you discuss a lot of things I'm interested in, you talk to a lot of people I've heard or heard about, and you make it read well and look good [gosh!--b.].

I look forward to reading #3. I would bid you to have fun, but it looks like you can't help it.

Be for real,
Shawn Swagerty
Washington, DC

Hello Bryan,

Thanks for the nice letter. Did I ask if you used a Macintosh to publish? Those fonts don't look like anything my IBM clone does.

I'm listening to a Cudbrain tape-- a compilation from: Craig Blomquist, 48 Beck Rd., Lindenhurst, IL 60046. Not a bad tape, though a mite heavy on the unevolved hardcore for my curved eyebrow of skepticism. But it's a good tape. Maybe if you send him an issue he'll send you something to review, but of course you probably have no shortage of things to review right now, and fuck him anyway-- he's in no hurry to include any of my shit on his next tape (now, Shawn, I'm sure he's very nice).

Drive carefully and write soon.

Best of all possible worlds to you,

Shawn Swagerty

Yeh, I do use a Mac to write this 'zine. And it's almost paid for, which is, in fact, the best of all possible worlds.

Bryan,

Hi there! I'm from 2 Car Family and you asked me for a copy of our cassette. We have no more! They're out of print! Would a single work? I could send you our single if you'd like. Some bands around here w/good cassettes are: Second Chance, 1603 W. 15th 103-C, Lawrence, KS 66044, and Change, 327 N. Vermont St., lola, KS 66749.

My roommate, Bill Volmit is a 4-track engineer. He records for lots of bands. You may want to get in touch with him.

Reply soon....

Danny Smith
Lawrence, KS

Sure, a single will do. I never look gift horses in the mouth, however, GAOOB is mostly directed in its reviews column toward independent cassette releases and promoting the validity of such. I think there are enough publications which cover the independent vinyl world-- but recording is recording whether the final product is CD, vinyl or tape.

Bryan,

Here's a copy of the single. It is for sale-- \$3.00.

Info: 2 Car Family has been together for only 7 months, but in that time have recorded a cassette (8 songs/4-track), a single (2 songs/16-track), and an LP (13 songs/16-track). The cassette was called, 'Look For More.....' and is now out of print. Band members are Stacy Hoobler (drums), Skinny D (vocals), Brad H (guitars), Danny Smith (bass). As a band we play a lot of live shows but most of the band would agree that being in the studio is also very exciting. That's where music becomes art and live becomes energy. Don't miss us on our 1989 tour. We should be playing in Utah sometime, so be there!

Dear Bryan,

Let me tell you, man. That 4-track revolution [see "Welcome to the 4-Track Revolution" in issue #2--b.] ain't no revolution. I've had to record my music on the same dink-shit multitrack cassette unit for four years. My music becomes more involved, but my track space remains the same. It's a load of horseshit. If I had MONEY I would have been out of that revolution a long time ago.

But anyway, ON with the Salt Lake City challenge! It's the challenge of how to reach people caught up in some of the most repressive mindlocks ever to come down in a regional area. So anyway.... 'GAJOOB' (goo goo?) #2 looks good, embryonic of course, but definitely a part of the desktop publishing underground. Gotta give thanks to Silicon Valley where thanks are due, doncha?.... I will say that you have a most promising publication and I hope to see it grow in size and scope. And you're getting your own stamp this time because the moo-rons at USPS only nick the edge with their cancellation machine HA HA HA.

Carl Howard
Bayside, NY

Thanks for the letter.

The 4-track revolution is so a revolution.... Is so!.... Is so!.... Is so!.... Please explain to me exactly what "dink-shit" is anyway. Is it something I need to be worried about? Does it form little white blisters? Do they scab? I think "revolution" depends on the perspective you choose. I believe it is a revolution as far as it opens up decent-quality, creative recording on a level where just about anyone with any desire to do so can do it, because it's inexpensive not only in terms of the equipment but also in the making of tapes and distributing them. Of course the monetary return is minimal also, but we're just talking about music on a purely creative level. If you don't stop me (and that's not easy to do with you being so far away), I might even go so far as to say something like the 4-track revolution is possibly on par with the printing press (or its forefathers) and how it brought reading and education to the masses and ushered in the Renaissance. Putting the means of recording into the hands of the people who actually create the music, as opposed to people whose sole function is to create money out of whatever might be termed music, is that important. I'm not saying that the 4-track is the be-all and end-all for anything, no more than I would say that reverse type is the same for printing. It's just another step up in the means leading to creative control over your own music and making music for your own pleasure as an end in itself. And I do nothing if I don't record strictly for my own pleasure. And that's the whole point to this long-winded (or long-handed) tirade-- 4-tracks have made it possible for just about anyone to simply record for their own pleasure (and possibly to many more people's displeasure, I might add).

Dear Bryan,

More greetings from this most unChristian place. I want to tell you that I commend your optimism about alternative music and independent distribution. I have not been entirely without such feeling; in fact I based, or dedicated, the publication of my music magazine *A/a* to the commitment spawned by such optimism. But I've been at this for over five years now; I've seen many ins and outs, and I want to promise you that it is a distortion to consider independent endeavor a revolution. This does not have to become a negative light, however; what it should help you to do is merely unmask the areas of unreality in your thinking and consider the real situation of indie activity in the U.S. and elsewhere, which is also not, on the whole, negative. Actually I went through a lengthy period of being bothered and bewildered by everything Amerikkkan, which I saw as an intrusion on the true goal of the Artist. Whether this argument was valid or not, the point is that I've since found it a lot more constructive to simply focus on my own activities, not worry so much about THE OGRES AT THE GATES, and leave the ulcers for the next introverted paranoid. But let me assure you, revolution it ain't.

Oh yeah, what does dink-shit mean? It means dinky, small-time, junior league, not worth losing your sleep over, amateur, insignificant, tinker toy, not of interest to the committed artistic community.

When I was running *ATTITUDE* I used to encourage people NOT to restrict themselves to a word length because this makes you think solely in terms of presenting certain factual material without attempting exposition upon the inherent material; I attempted to break through the limiting format of journalistic english, and into something tangibly more substantial; REAL english; REAL invention; REAL creativity. This was all part of the idea of the artist becoming more by examining his material inside and out. I became aware that the reading audiences were more interested in what products were available and in simply selling, or in presenting the topical dimension of a piece or product or idea. That is, you see, what made me so mad and frustrated; it was precisely that my bubble was being burst. Now that I have accepted this, there is no longer the instinct within me to be so vigorous, because I have come to terms with the reality of the music, which is-- precisely again-- that no revolution is in progress, and neither is it forthcoming. Once I would like to see somebody do a profile on me the way I did it for *Audio Letter* and *John Zorn and Gerechtigkeits Liga* and *Hunting Lodge*. The tradition of writers really trying to reach out, and their writing becoming better as they do so, is dead in this country at this time. But that's okay; I'm willing to wait.

Dear Carl,

I still think you're wrong about there being no musical revolution.

Maybe the swell is not enough (or ever will be enough) to shake the foundations of the big-business music industry; but that doesn't concern me. I'm content to let them have their cake (and eat it too)-- it doesn't effect the way I view creative recording; it's not part of the musical world I choose to be involved in. It's their party-- they can cry if they want too.

But just look what's happening in cassette culture. For instance, what does it mean when someone such as yourself can create recordings of artistic merit using, in your words, a "dink-shit" apparatus? On a personal level, is this not in fact a revolution? Have you not bypassed the accepted system that the musical world has in the past considered the only real valid means for making music? Isn't your music existing totally apart from this accepted system?.... Then this, my friend, is revolt-- pure and simple. I agree that the music industry has not been changed by this; but I certainly have, and you have, and thousands more have also.

I have myself been recording for six years. I started recording at the same time I picked up an instrument. I can remember feeling quite ecstatic over the fact that I was able to create something that was totally my own (maybe not totally unique-- but still my own). I immediately saw the potential in this "dink-shit" apparatus. Of course, I also would like nine million tracks to work with and never have to be concerned with the problems of track-space limitations-- yet my experimentation within these limitations remains virtually boundless, nonetheless. That's because creative experimentation has nothing to do with the means (4-track cassette, in my case)-- it depends solely upon the creator.

A musical revolution has occurred. People have revolted from the stifling chains of music industry acceptance, and are making musical statements totally separate and liberated from the machine. That is a fact. And that's where I choose to base my optimism. It is real, and is validated over and over again by every single tape that enters its way into my little post office box.

Applegoon Productions-- Bryan Baker,

Iley thank you for writing and asking for a copy of the tape [see reviews in this issue--b.]. Basically it's an offshoot of my publication, *BOLD PRINT* [see 'zine reviews in this issue--b.]. I had the idea one day to get the people at work to do some kind of audio creation and I would compile them on one tape and pass them out at work. Then I thought what the Hell, I'll see if I can unload a few on the outside world. Basic background info-- Junebug is me, Bryan, and Lisa. The *Faithhealers* are no more. Frank is the head of the hits at the record store where we work-- average age is twenty-twenty one, and Frank is forty some and kicks righteous ass as Lisa does.

would say, so that's why all the 'Frank' references. If you review the tape please mention I need money.. I have a new issue of BOLD PRINT ready to go with over fifty different folks in it, but no money to put it out. Don't buy cassettes from a music store.. tapes suck, CDs suck. Records are the fading blah blah. Probably buy my first CD this week.. Bongwater unreleased and old stuff double CD in a carryim case. Got to have it.

Take care,
Kyle Hogg
Richmond, VA

Thanks for your "B is For Bryan-- It's Not What We Really Wanted" tape. I listened to it during work yesterday (I'm a delivery driver for AlphaGraphics of Utah). I'll be sure to mention that you need money for printing your next 'zine (doesn't everyone?). I think it's a cool idea to make a tape by people at work. It sounds like you were just having fun, and it made me laugh sometimes. I'd like to see a tape of some of the post-punk type songs. I really think that stuff was good.

Thanks also for Bold Print. You've gathered together some truly top-notch material-- much better than the average underground prose.

Hi Bryan!

Thanks for the February issue of GAJOOB.... thanks for your interest in my tapes (I'm enclosing my latest two) [see reviews in this issue--b.]..... unfortunately, I had a hard time reading your writing..... and was unsure what else you wanted! (personal thoughts, whys & hows..... I did make out SOME of it.... but wasn't sure exactly what to DO!)

Anyway, good luck with GAJOOB.... if you're not already in contact with them, I'm sure Mike Gunderloy (C/O Factsheet Five, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502) and John Jones (C/O Farce, PO Box 543, Raleigh, NC 27602) would be interested in what you're doing..... they are both good folks, though I only know John personally.

Best wishes!
Nyle Frank
Nashville, TN

I hope this type is a little easier to read than my hand writing. I guess I should try not to be in such a hurry when I write.....

Thanks a lot for your tapes. "Who Needs More Bad Songs?" and "Riding With Pachelbel." GAJOOB depends on these submissions more or less for its very existence, so I really do appreciate it.

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for the copy of GAJOOB. Enclosed is a copy of our tape, which was recorded in an 8-track studio, not on a four track, which I assume is the emphasis of your mag. We do some four track recording for kicks, but next month we'll be recording a five song tape on 8-track and, depending how an upcoming radio

show and CBGB gig goes, we may put a live recording on the flipside. If you want what little press we have (a feature article is forthcoming in a local music rag) and bio information, let me know and I'll send it.

We're a mostly female band sick to death of midriff shirts and shrill female vocalists, in love with percussion and sudden time changes, and clinging to the tenuous hope that Patti Smith's legacy hasn't been permanently interred by the Jordache generation.

Yours,
Margot Mifflin
for Barefoot & Pregnant
Brooklyn, NY

GAJOOB is interested in everything that has anything to do with independent taping. I really want to be inundated with everybody's thoughts and news and tapes and whatever!

You're not the first to assume that an article entitled, "Welcome to the 4-Track Revolution" meant that GAJOOB was entirely devoted to only proclaiming the virtues of the 4-track, to the exclusion of everything else. I guess I just went overboard. I'm really interested in all kinds of independent type recording, whether it's done with state-of-the-art digital technology or with a boombox stuck haphazardly in a room somewhere-- it doesn't really matter. As long as people are doing what they want when they want to do it, for purposes totally of their own choosing, hopefully exploring a little bit along the way-- that's what I'm interested in pursuing. I just believe that the advent of inexpensive 4-track recording among other things has made it possible for more people to do just that. And that's exciting to me.

I hope to hear from you soon. Good luck with the radio show and the CBGB gig. I really don't see any reason not to hope for the best.

Bryan..

Thanks for sending GAJOOB #2, I enjoyed reading it. Comments on the enclosed tape/booklet are very welcome [see reviews in this issue--b.]. Note: this tape has a different B side than the one Mike reviewed in Factsheet Five #29. This takes the tape a step further toward artistic completion.

Danny
of the Wood-be Merry
Kids of Sharewould
Forest
Stowe, VT

Thanks a lot for your "The Now is Here/The Hear is Now" tape for the relief of the worldwide "Love Famine."

It's rather wonderful to know that there are people in the world today who care about making the world a little better-- starting with themselves. I wonder if I could reprint the 21 "Love Practices" in GAJOOB #3? I think it would give people a definite knowledge of what it is you're saying. You've obviously put a lot of time and effort into this. My first thought about the

tape is that all the song snippets are quite jarring to me, and that may be kind of contradictory to the message of inner (and outer) peace. It took me a while to get into the groove of it all; and I'm still not sure whether or not I did. But at the same time, I don't think this destroyed your intent at all, so I can't really say whether or not, for me at least, the song snippet form of presentation worked. I guess you could say that all those voices lifted up in song about universal love had quite an uplifting effect on me. And maybe that's the important thing.

Danny, there's a movie called, "Wings of Desire" which I would highly recommend to you. The spirit and overall message of the film is quite similar (with some differences) to your tape and booklet. You simply must see this film!

I look forward to hearing from you soon, and hope all is going well. Keep working on this, Danny, because I think it's important, as I'm sure you do.
Bryan,

Your letter was/is a delight for me. You express yourself so well-- you are graced with writing/communication talent that bodes well for the future of GAJOOB and/or other literary/communications endeavors.

The comments you give on your experience of the 'Now is Here' tape/booklet are valuable for an experiment/adventure I'm involved with (which involves the study of awareness itself).

Yes, I'd love for you to reprint the 'Love Practices' if it is in the flow of harmony for you. In general, please feel free to reprint, copy, develop, take off on, use, or etc. anything I have sent or may send as I greatly favor spontaneous free flow and do seek to practice all the 'Love Practices' (see Practice #11).

I know what you mean about the jarring effect of the tape. It definitely has that level. But it also has other levels, and I'm very interested to learn if any of these other levels

STOP your **HERNIA** Worries!



YOU can enjoy heavenly comfort night and day, at work or play with a genuine BROOKS APPLIANCE! It does the job firmly yet gently, in a way no drugstore truss can match. Send for free booklet. (Medicare approved).

Brooks Appliance Company
900 State Street
Marshall, Michigan 49068

open up for you (maybe they already have!). There are levels which have no jarring effect at all. On one level all the song snippets become like notes in a symphony and blend into a continuum of ecstasy. The tape is very playful and multi-leveled. The fact that it had an uplifting effect on you suggests that its unfolding levels may be opening up for you. (One evidence of the 'ecstasy rock' effect is that you may feel as if you've been invigorated with an 'energy bath' after listening to the tape.)

If you use psychoactives sacramentally, one experimental code for the tape/booklet is: a light to moderate dose of coffee/cocoa/tea-type stimulant (i.e. the wine of Apollo/the Food of the Gods/Bodhidharma's eyelids) followed by a light to moderate dose of the Smoke of Shiva. Then start listening to the tape and reading the lyrics in the booklet. (Perhaps you have already tried this?! I'd love some comments relating to this experience.)

Thanks very much for the tip about 'Wing of Desire.' I'm checking the local film listings for it. In general, I'm very interested in tips about any high-minded media items. (Practice #6)

Bryan...

Here's my tape, 'Deaf Child.' I'll send you my other tape, 'Natural Structures' ASAP. I liked your zine. The essay on '4-Track Revolution' seemed a little confused and wandering. Is your compilation tape strictly for Salt Lake City projects [not any more.... see the notice in this issue--b.]? If not, I'd like to contribute. On this tape; see reviews in this issue--b.] I do drum programs, sequencing, synths, guitars, washing machine, vocals, effects, tapes. It would not be possible to play any of these tunes live the same way it was recorded.

Anyway, enjoy, I'm interested to hear what you think,

Bo Anderson

Bellevue, WA

PS... On the flyers, write to the Peace Heathens, they are good people.

Thanks for your tape, "Deaf Child."

Thanks also for the Church of Elvis ad-- I think I'll put it in the next issue. I like strange ads like that. I've come across several others I'm using also.

And thanks also for the Kentucky Fried Royalty [see the notice in this issue--b.] and Electronic Cottage notices. You were right in thinking these may be of interest to me-- they certainly are. I'm sending for issue #1 of EC and also for KFR's catalog. I hope both of these ventures succeed because I would like to see independent recording become the future of music.

And finally, thanks for the Peace Heathens flyer. I admire them in their undertaking, and wish them all the best. However, joining groups for any kind of



long term commitment to a number of differing issues is not something I believe in doing because I am an individual, and my hopes and my viewpoints and my commitments to any one cause and fight are, therefore, my own for each single undertaking. I've joined groups for various distinct causes. I've picketed different functions. I've written letters of indignation and letters of support to many people. These things I do as an individual in the sea of society in the hopes that life can be made better for individuals on this planet. I believe it is important that each of us maintain our own unique viewpoints on every issue and not let them be guided by any sort of group or mob mentality; and even if The Peace Heathens' viewpoints on every single issue they are espousing mirrored my own, I would still feel compelled not to cover myself under the banner of their group, but to raise a banner of my own to support each of the causes I feel strongly about, and to join together as one louder voice as each issue dictates.

Anyway, thanks again for all the stuff and especially for your tape, and I look forward to hearing "Natural Structures" real soon.

Dear Bryan,

How you doing? We really enjoyed the GAOOB magazine. I must say, Bryan, I'm impressed. We were wondering if you'd send us March's issue? When do you find the time to do it? [um....gosh, ain't that a bit personal?--b.] It looks like it would be quite a job putting it all together and time

consuming.. I wish I had your energy!!

You've probably heard by now that Martin will need a back operation. He has three ruptured disks and one is bulging to the point that it's pressing on the nerve that runs down his leg. I don't know when Martin will be getting the operation, but I think it had better be soon because I don't know how much more he can take.

I'll probably be flying down to Utah next month to interview with the different school districts.

Your mom told us that you moved out and got your own place. Do you like living alone better? Are you still planning on coming up for a visit? Let us know when you can come!!

Love you,

Michelle

Sacramento, CA

[I told you I'd print anything!--b.]

Dear Bryan,

Greetings from the land of cows o' plenty. Really enjoyed the last GAOOB. Thanks for the interview w/Ipsa Facto.

We frequently enjoy your tape ["The Blind Mine Ensemble"-- out of print, possibly re-released at some future date--b.]. Very good!

I'll be in Zion around June '89, maybe we could jam, or have a secret, scary, private concert in the Masonic Temple and call ourselves "Illuminati."

See ya mate in April '88.

Mr. So and So

(Facto)

Madison, WI

It's great to hear from you again!

I've always thought cows were such interesting creatures. How they seem to be so content in the most awful of circumstances. Almost human-- don't you think?

Thank you for "frequently enjoying [my] tape." I do the same to yours and Ipso's. What's good for the goose, and all that.

So Zion will once again hail the arrival of the great Facto? Sounds good to me. The secret, scary, private concert sounds secret, scary and private-- so it's naturally something I'd be very interested in doing.

Shall I put the Walter Martin notice in #3? I like it a lot! If the mood strikes, I may even put the washing hair photo in too (oh, no! stop me before I kill again!).

So I call Ipso one recent, bright sunny Saturday afternoon, and the conversation goes something like this....

Ipso's Dad--"Hello?"
Me--"Is Ipso there?"
ID--"No, he's at work."
Me--"Oh.....when do you expect him home?"
ID--"I don't."
Me--"Oh.....um..... is he no longer living there?"
ID--"Ipso's in California."

Me--[dramatic pause] "California? What's he doing there?"

ID--"Working."
Me--[another involuntary dp] "Oh..... um..... do you have his address?"

ID--"Yes. Who are you?"
Me--"Um.... Well, I guess I'm just an acquaintance."

ID--"Not for just an acquaintance, I don't. Bye."[click. dial tone]

If I asked you for his address, would I get the dreaded dial tone also? Hey! What a name for the next great American band-- The Dialtones. But does it have a ring to it?

Dear Bryan Baker..

Here is 'The Hanged' [see reviews in this issue--b.] for review. Shall I send you 'Drugs Are Nice' this April?

Suckdog will be playing in California and Oregon the 3rd and 4th week in March. Do you know of anywhere we could play in UTAH the last week of March? A club or somebody's basement or a bathroom or anything? We're cheap and nice. We are returning to the East Coast for the April 1st Destroy All Music Festival in Atlanta, Georgia, and then will be playing the East Coast April and May, and then I (Lisa) will be going to France. Then England. So I probably won't be back to the West Coast for over a year.

Love,

Lisa Suckdog

Dover, NJ

Hey Guy!!

Thanx for the interest in our jolly band of ingrates!! Looks like you have the fixin's for a really decent 'zine..... Keep up the good work!

Chris Duers

The Bud Collins Trio

North Franklin, CT

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for your latest 'zine. Here are two cassettes I hope you dig and review. Call me sometime and we can talk/interview. Call after May 10 'cos I'll be on tour with Crystal Wind until then. If you haven't heard our newest cassette/CD, titled 'Inner Traveler' pick it up-- it's great.

Flash-- we'll be in concert at Salt Lake Community College on April 19 @ 11am. Hope to see you.

Eddie Guthman

Ojai, CA

Hello Bryan,

Thanks a lot for your fanzine.

Well, I've enclosed 2 cassettes: C-60 JFD Sampler: German Brandy & C-47 Shadow-Play. Hope you'll like these sounds and review the tapes in your GAOOB 'zine. If you're interested in anything else of my production we can go on exchanging things (e.g. magazines for cassettes).

I'm sorry that I'm in a great hurry at the moment, so I can't tell you more things, but I recommend you the following 2 addresses for more information about the international tape scene: Lord Litter, C/O Dittmar, Lariberstr. 63A, D-1000 Berlin 15, WEST GERMANY and Lonely Whistle Music, C/O Donald Campau, PO Box 23952, San Jose, CA 95753, USA. Both are very nice people.

All the best.

See you,

Claus Korn

WEST GERMANY

Bryan,

Your column about the Salt Lake City protest (see "The Constitution and Mr. Ed" in issue #1) got me wondering about something.... Is non-violent protest becoming a cliche'? Gandhi's people won the battle for India because they were willing (though not eager) to have their blood shed in the name of freedom. King and friends used the same tactics with the same kind of determination. Both got results. Their acts of passive disobedience were so successful, and won so much international attention, because they stood in stark contrast to the violence everyone expected from such large, angry mobs.

So what's the situation now? All leftists are pacifists. It's a requirement to get your genuine authentic leftist membership card. The cops know this as well as anybody. They don't want

to get flayed in the news for macing a bunch of folk-singers (NYC cops aside; those guys are dangerous mutations). And it's not like the average protesters are dangers to society or anything. So the extent of their subversion is to do a couple acts of symbolic disobedience (slaying a hand on a fence, sticking a toe across a police line), and the extent of the response is most often a night in a holding tank with the other protesters, singing Guthrie songs 'til they're hoarse. A couple friends of mine went to last year's March For Lesbian and Gay Rights in Dee Cee with every intention of getting arrested. They carefully choreographed their bail money. Will is gonna overturn the world? Yeah, right.

What am I doing towards saving the world? Not a hell of a lot. But I do a little towards feeding people, so don't come at me with BOTH barrels.

Laura K
Washington, DC

Dear Bryan,

Have you ever had one of those really shitty days when you just can't get out of a rut, you're dragging your ass at rock bottom, life is but a 4-letter word and 'nobody better fuck with me' is the prevalent moody attitude at the time? You see, upon returning from a 4-day hiking weekend at 210% NTL Park I contacted the flu right when the U. Spring Quarter started (with 3 dance classes that day). Aaargh! However, in my mailbox were the copies of GAOOB #1 and #2 having been ordered only a few days prior (thanx for the speedy response!), and the 'zines quickly conquered my nasty case of ornery blahs.

OK, maybe I'm pretty damn impressed by S.L.U.G.'s (local SLC 'zine-- b.) format, writers and the content but your one-man outfit has me doubly damn impressed. GAOOB is far more personable with material that covers a broader spectrum of topics and deals in very tangible specifics. Or, perhaps it relates directly to the reader better because of the well-informed magnitude of pieces and a much more inherent mixture of concise commentary. Anyway, your pub is several dimensional, exceptionally alert to emotive reckoning and in-depth issues, as well as just all-around DAMN GOOD STUFF! Many cheers for your effort that breaks the formal borders and confines of the average elementary ballyhoo bent on 'plugging a story.' The other 'zines and music you reviewed will definitely come in handy for future reference (I intend to send away for copies, most notably to purchase 'The Blind Mine Ensemble' and IPSO FACTO when I get paid some bones next paycheck). The NONE OTHER 'Path of Least Resistance' is quite a unique magnetic project huh? Yes, I too enjoy it immensely and not just due to my bias (since I know Mike). Where would we be without the infallible minds of our local intelligent people such as Mike, Bryan of GAOOB and Duncan of GROWING?! Thanx

for you all and everything you do to contribute around here! Hey, were you and THEATRE OF ICE jivin' about the 'return missionary' bit? If not, I can surely attest to the truly eccentric core one acquires upon discovering the holy hoax of bullshit organized religion (you guessed it, I'm Jack Mormon).

Well, with that last note I'll add another thanx for an alternative diversion from the standard journalistic hoopla. Thumbs up to GAJOOB!

Laters,
LARS

Thanks for your encouraging letter, Laura. I suppose Mike probably told you how frustrated I am with the local Salt Lake crowd. Believe it or not, besides Duncan and Mike, yours is the only response I've gotten locally (besides an art submission also). So, as you can see by this issue, I've decided to go with a national focus on independent recording. I have no interest servicing an apathetic readership-- which, at least from my end of things, has been the case with Salt Lake City. I wish it were different, but it's not and I'm acting accordingly.

I hope I can still maintain the diversity in the breadth of issues GAJOOB has tried to cover, and also maintain a unique viewpoint upon doing so. And I also hope I can continue to please readers such as yourself who appreciate the kinds of things I feel are worthy of appreciation. I guess I'm just saying thank you for the kind words. "Infallible" is a little too kind, however-- but, come to think about it, I wouldn't wish infallibility on anyone.



Chin Up For Beauty

This three-purpose facial control CHIN STRAP supports sides of face, forehead, as well as chin. Helps prevent ugly facial sag, double chin and age lines. Wear this feather-light Chin Strap while reading, sleeping, watching TV and see surprising results. Comfortable, effective. Quality white elastic. Money back guarantee. We ship by FIRST CLASS MAIL. Wear one, wash one. **TWO for \$10.**

SAVE! **FOUR** for \$18. (Includes P&H).
THE WILLOWS, Dept. CS-403
2292 Saug. Stat. Westport CT 06880



INTERVIEWS

Mike Carlson (part one)

I met Mike after I wrote to him about his zine. He's not afraid of stating his opinion on any subject under any circumstances. He creates music with Chad Lawrence, under the name NONE OTHER and has some amazing solo works which will hopefully be released soon. The NO tape, 'The Path of Least Resistance' can be obtained for \$4 from Mike at PO Box 1601, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110-1601.....

Bryan Baker
Mike Carlson

When I first started GAJOOB I thought that addressing local people and local issues would be more vital, as opposed to doing the same things on a national level because those are the things that affect you personally. But I changed my mind because not only was the 'zine's vitality being compromised by the minimal response I was getting, but I now realize that cassette culture is an inherently International beast, and if I'm going to approach it with any validity I must approach it on that level and make the vitality I envisioned on a local level exist on an international level. My view in doing my 'zine and stuff is that I want to keep it real local. I want to take an interest in international and national issues, but it doesn't seem to have much importance on a local level and it just seems to be kind of spread out too much when you have people from all over the country saying things.

It's like I was talking to J.R. who does SLUG. He says they've gotten together this cooperative type of effort between the people at the Speedway and the people at the Word and Brad out at Raunch for doing shows and stuff. To me that seems to be almost a monopoly type of a situation. It seems to have almost a capitalist suggestion in that, "Okay, we're not dealing with the little guys anymore, we're a cooperative effort now and everything has to go through us and we have to coordinate all the shows...." You know? And it takes all the spontaneity of having a show in a basement or having show in a parking garage or wherever you can set it up. It's like, "Oh, let's plan everything out."

Another bad thing about that cooperative is that if there's a big band that comes through and they play at the Speedway then the Word is closed down.

I don't think that should have to happen. I can see their viewpoint-- they're taking the view that, "Because we are in a cooperative effort, we don't want to be stealing business from another venue because we have our open tonight." But they don't realize that, say Danzig or some metal oriented band is playing at the Speedway and there's a bunch of people that want to go to a show that night and the Word's closed down when they could be having a good Industrial show or a Folk show or something like that. It doesn't make sense to snub all those other people, but they go, "Oh, this is more popular so I guess we better close down so that these people will get the most stuff." I think if you're going to have a cooperative effort you should only have one venue.

Do you think one reason for the cooperative effort is that when there is a big show at the Speedway or something that the Word is dead, so there's no reason to stay open-- so they may as well just pool their efforts?

Maybe, but the up front money for the Word is a lot less than it is for the Speedway, so for a smaller show you're going to have to have a smaller place because the people that are putting on the show can't afford to put it on otherwise. It's like me and NONE OTHER saying we're going to do a big headlining show out at the Fairgrounds.... uh-huh-- sure; it just doesn't work. I think it's good to have a size-variety of venues so that you can fit the amount of money that's going to be coming in to fit the act. I think the Word serves its purpose-- it seems like it caters to the local originals bands. I really like the Word. I think it's a good thing for Salt Lake.

I haven't been to a Word show in a long time, but....

I would like to see more people there.

Yeh, but there's really not that many people that appreciate other alternative music in Utah though. I think that's one of the problems. There's a lot of people into hardcore, whether it be for trendy reasons or authentic political reasons or whatever. And there's a lot of people into metal-- although mainly that's just for trendy reasons. But as far as people that are into bands like Da Neighbors and weird Industrial music and all these other groups that are high energy rock 'n' roll type bands but they aren't so-called Hardcore, yell-in-people's-face, distorted instruments kind of stuff-- I don't really think there's that many people in Utah that are really into that kind of music. The largest number of people I've ever seen at the Word-- and I've only been to about three or four shows, so I can't really say from a large number of experiences-- there's maybe been 150 people.

I think there's a lot people that are into that kind of music, but they think that somehow the local bands are inferior to bands like Camper Van Beethoven or REM even though they're doing the same kind of thing, it's just that they're local.

I think the locals really get cheated. I know everyone's just raving about how good our local talent is and everything, but they always get back-burnered every time a big act comes through. Even though they're saying that we have a lot of good talent in Utah-- they're not really taking those bands seriously. I don't like Camper Van Beethoven! I don't like Da Neighbors for that matter, but the whole point is that sometimes I'd rather see a local act. I think the last four or five shows I've gone to at the Speedway I've gone for the local acts. Danzig was a joke! I went to see Victims Willing and Bad Yodelers because they're my two favorite local bands. But Danzig is the remains of Samhain and the Misfits and they're capitalising on their metal popularity because Metallica's favorite hardcore band is the Misfits and so naturally all the metalers have to like the Misfits because their metal-gods, Metallica, like the Misfits-- not necessarily because the Misfits are good or anything. I don't mind the Misfits and I happen to love Metallica, but the whole thing is just this blind sheep attitude-- "Oh, our God's, Metallica, like this band so I guess I gotta like them to, because I want

to be like Metallica." It's that kind of thing-- they're not thinking for themselves any more than the rest of our conformed little friends are. Danzig was the biggest class-act bullshit I've seen in a long time. Their roadies were running around saying, "Don't you let anybody in, man, we don't want to lose any money." They had bouncers and shit up in front of the stage.... you might as well have been at the fucking Salt Palace for as much interaction as there was between the band and the audience. I was pretty disgusted with the whole thing. And all these metalers sitting banging their heads and everything. I like Slayer and Metallica and things, but the bottom line is that if there is some other kind of mental activity going on up there other than the fact that people are sucking up wholesale and actually believing in all of the bullshit that some of these bands are putting out. Heavy Metal music is basically oriented around sex, and most Speedmetal is either Satanic or Violence-oriented-- it's not saying anything socially-aware. Metallica is about the only exception there is to that one. And a load of other trendy little Metallica break-offs like Megadeath and older used-to-be bands like MOD and SOD and others.

I think that's the whole thing. They're in a category and people don't really have to think. They just say, "Well, they're in that category that I like and that is cool to like and so I like them." They don't really care about what they're saying or anything.

Yeh, it was like me going around saying I hate Slayer because they're Speedmetal. For a long time I said that. And now I love Slayer-- I've got damn near everything by them. But not because of their lyrics. Their lyrics are just a total crock of shit. They've never put out a song that has said anything reasonable until their most recent album where two of the songs on that are getting to the point where they're actually saying something. One's talking about one of the butchers in Nazi Germany and how he's been forced into his role as Mr. Bloodletter against the Jews and how he's not been given any choice about it. I thought that was a pretty interesting song. And then one called, "Read Between the Lies," that's about TV evangelists and how they're saying that they represent God when all they do is represent money. That's definitely striking out towards a more socially-aware side, although both those songs have their weaknesses because "Behind the Crooked Cross," in a way, glorifies violence and blood and guts type shit.

Are they rationalizing that guy's decision? No, they're not really making any specific statement about it, they're just saying that this is a possible way that the people in Germany could have been. And it's an interesting view, because I agree-- I'm sure a lot of the Nazi soldiers and a lot of the people involved in that were doing it because they had no choice. They could either do it or they could die. And "Read Between the Lies" is more of a justification for stupid-ass Satanic stuff towards the end of the song. But the majority of the song is saying, "Who are you evangelists to say that God speaks through you any more than I am to say that Satan speaks through me."

I think it's just important that you realize that yes, this is just bullshit-- even though I do like the music --what they're saying isn't worth two bits and that there are a lot of problems that need to be recognized. I don't know if it's bullshit or not. I think there's truth in what they're saying. There is a part of what Slayer represents in everybody-- there is kind of dark side to everybody. I think the scary thing is that the metal heads are keying into that exclusively.

Yeh, and actually taking that like it's real. And their excepting it as an all-encompassing viewpoint towards life. That's kind of a scary thought. It's too bad that every band can't talk about everything under the sun instead of having to just key into one narrow issue, but it seems that the most popular bands are the ones who do just that.

Talking about everything is difficult. Talking about all kinds of different things tends to pull apart the unity that a certain release might have-- a certain piece of art or something. But your music can make up for that part of it, help put it into a bit more of a perspective. Music made by a person should represent "people." It shouldn't represent things that are unreal. It should represent idealism as well as reality. It should represent darkness and evil just as much as it represent goodness and light. It should be pessimistic and optimistic. You've got to incorporate those opposites into it and be saying that there's a lot of things going on and there are a lot of sides to people. But I don't just sit around and just listen to Slayer all the time and think only that Satan is God and Satan controls everything-- that's ludicrous.

But I think that a lot of people do that-- not

just listen to Slayer, but they listen

seriously to only bands like that because

they think everything else is either pussy or

wimpy.

A lot of it's peer pressure and shit like that.

Getting back to the local scene..... I think

the main thing that I don't like about it is

that it's quite cliquey.

It is. There's no doubt about it.

When you go to a Word show you feel like you're at somebody's party, and everybody knows everybody. Maybe that's a good thing. Maybe that's why the scene is as big as it is. It is small, but it's not nonexistent at least. And it's a good thing to have people support each other. But it still turns me off and that's the reason I don't go to a lot of shows.

I'm really put off by a lot of that stuff because it's not being what it says it's supposed to be. They're dressing and representing themselves in such a way that's saying, "I am an alternative person. I do not believe and do not associate myself with conformed majority elements of society in general." But what are they doing? They're acting in just the same way as any other subculture does. It's all this bi-play and foreplay, you know? They might be saying on the outside that, "I'm politically aware and I'm worried about where this world is going and I think that some things need to be changed." But really what they are saying is the same thing that everybody out on State Street is saying and everybody that's sitting around at the dance clubs and everywhere else. If you could actually talk to every single person or could find out what their opinions were at any certain time at shows and stuff, I don't think you'd find any more than ten or twenty people that were actually concerned, farther than a shallow surface level about where things are going and what's going on.

I don't think that people necessarily have to be politically aware. That doesn't bother me that they're not. A lot of people don't feel that politics really affect their lives, so it doesn't matter to them. I think the thing that bothers me is that they're being exactly what they're saying they are being alternative against. They're being hypocritical.

They're being lazy. They're saying that all they have to do is go to the Word and dress like these people and then they'll suddenly be hip and alternative.

Well, I find the Word people particularly disgusting because it is really superficial at the Word-- much more so than at the Speedway. You can find some sincere people at the Speedway, but I don't think I could find anybody at your average Word show that would want to talk reality with me that much. It seems to be almost a dance club kind of thing where,

"Let's go here and let's be this way and see if we can relate with somebody." And the girls are looking at the guys and the guys are looking at the girls, and maybe we can take somebody home with us tonight and drink some beer. But it's all working around the same thing-- it's a way to be acceptable and it's a way to get what you want. And I think that a lot of times-- especially in the more pop-oriented side of things..... one thing I use for an example is the Flowers For Charlotte/Neolament show, the last show they did (I like Flowers For Charlotte a lot; I

bought their tape and everything); it really bothered me that the only people up near the stage were actual *groupies*. They were all clustered up around Mark C. Jackman, and going, "Oh, sing this and sing this and do this and do this..." It was just really pathetic! I couldn't deal with that.

I would like to see people go see alternative bands as an alternative form of culture. To go see these bands to absorb different viewpoints from different people. And go for the sake of the enlightenment I guess. But I guess people are mostly interested in the societal aspect of it all and getting with people they can feel more comfortable with. Looking for acceptance.

I would like to see as many people go to an Industrial show as to Da Neighbors or whatever and the same people going to both shows.

Sometimes it's a matter of finances. It's kind of funny how some of the most interested people, the people who are really looking for knowledge, really striving to absorb these different things are also the people who can't afford too. So they have to kind of pick and choose. I'd like to go to more shows and stuff, but a lot of time I don't have the time or I don't have the resources. I think there's a lot of people that would go to shows and stuff, but they have evening jobs. There's a lot of people who are in bands and go to shows who aren't old enough to have to be supporting themselves; a lot of them don't have jobs. At the Straightedge shows most of those kids are in High School, most of them don't have responsibilities they have to worry about.

Oftentimes some people stick with it long enough and start to absorb it as a lifestyle and they break beyond that trendy aspect of it and go, "Well, the object here now is not acceptance-- it's doing something because I have a personal belief in it." But by the time they finally come to that realization, Mom and Dad either kick them out or they move out voluntarily-- generally the first one.

Is that what happened to you?

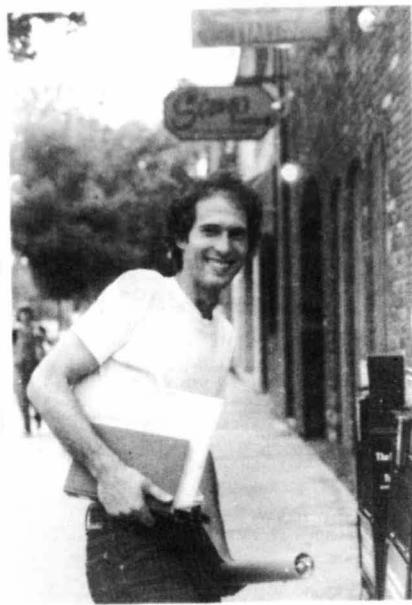
No.... Well, there was a lot of pressure, but my thing was more voluntarily. It wasn't a matter that I came home one night and found all my things out on the porch or something. I made enough of an effort on my own part to move out by myself....

But, you know, these people finally make this realization that, "Hey, there is something more to this, I want to know more about it, I want to stick with this as my main thing." But they can't go to shows, they can't really participate in what they want to because they are enslaved to the various elements of life just as much as anybody else is. They've got to work, they've got to have a job, they've got to buy food, they've got to pay the rent-- you know, these kinds of things; and for some people it takes up virtually all of their time. Somebody like me is going to have a whole shitload of a harder time trying to find a job than some Eastside yuppie that's got their hair looking all right, that's dressing correctly-- that's being conformed. They can get a nice day job, they can go to the Zephyr at night or they can go to the Plitt theatres at night and see some movies and stuff-- they can do whatever they want to. But, unfortunately, the weirdos in society get sidelined into low paying jobs that are in the so-called recreational times for everybody else. It's only been during the last year that I've got chance to go to quite a few shows because-- I was quite poor, but-- I had real low rent, I had a really good job and I only had to work 6-10 in the morning there at the U on weekdays so I had all my evenings that I could go see stuff



Nyle Frank

Interview



Tell me a little bit about yourself.

I was raised in Los Angeles and went to UCLA... then, in 1967, I became a graduate student in Political Science at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. For my dissertation, I decided to study communes. I got so involved that I decided to drop out of school and start my own school! I didn't have any classrooms, so I named it the Invisible University of North Carolina. It was sort of a typical "free university" for that period. I didn't want to be out-voted about my own school, so I declared myself "dictator." Friends said that was bad for my image. I decided I could better my image and still keep the power if I declared myself "King." I had a big Coronation on campus, and began the "Invisible Kingdom." Some of the Kingdom's more noteworthy events were two picnics for the state of North Carolina (fortunately, the overwhelming majority of North Carolinians decided not to show up), a "Times Square" New Years Eve celebration in a nearby town, and getting a street band together to greet (and put leis around the necks of) passengers as they arrived at the Chapel Hill Trailways bus station.

I quit being "King" in 1972. Two years later, I decided I wanted to be a writer and composer. I haven't written much (just a few short stories) and haven't composed any classical music.... but I have written a number of songs and pieces for piano. In 1977, I began putting out songbooks. I now have twelve out.... with combined sales of around fifteen. I'm thinking of listing the price of my next one at \$1,500,000.00.... that will really teach the public a lesson!

In 1984, I began Centipede Productions-- and have put out seven cassettes. The first five consisted of my songs being performed by studio musicians in Nashville. I moved to Nashville in 1987 and began recording my own

music. I've done two tapes here: "Riding With Pachelbel" (acoustic piano) and "Who Needs More Bad Songs?" (a few love ballads and some off-the-wall songs). "Theme From Hickory Hollow" (acoustic piano) should be out in late April.

How long have you been playing?

I began playing the piano at age seven. I never liked to do scales or read music..... but I quickly discovered I could play by ear (even at this point, I've never seriously studied piano.... have basically just had a good time with it). I also began writing simple songs and pieces for piano. My first concert was in front of 5000 people during intermission of a John Sebastian concert at Chapel Hill. Some friends asked me to go on stage to announce my "Coronation" (a few days hence).... I then headed for the piano and sang a few songs-- until they turned the mics off and ushered me off the stage.

What's it like playing in a piano-bar situation?

Fortunately, most of my playing has been done at Irregardless Cafe in Raleigh, NC (I began there in 1975, and still play there on occasion). It began as a natural food restaurant..... and it's really been a perfect place for me to play (i.e. mellow atmosphere, but enough noise to cover up my mistakes!).

I've really had a hard time getting work here in Nashville as a pianist. I've only played four nights in eighteen months. That comes out to 1.3 minutes of work per day..... and that includes breaks between sets! But I would like to play more-- I really enjoy playing, meeting people, earning a living, and getting paid to practice!

Why do you record?

I put out cassettes (and songbooks) primarily so that I can get my music out the way I conceive it. Given my voice (about a -3 on a scale of 1 to 10), I know no one will ever pay me to record. And most of my songs will never be recorded by other artists. So it's really up to me!

How has the response been?

It's varied. When I had studio musicians record my songs, my friends said I should sing them. When I finally put out an album of my own singing, even *they* didn't buy it! However, folks do seem to like my acoustic piano cassette-- by far my most popular album. All in all, is recording a pleasurable experience?

Definitely! When I was dragging my own equipment around, I used to hate it. But I've found a couple of wonderful places here in Nashville (nice folks, good back-up musicians, and a great piano).... so now it's something I really look forward too.

What are your plans for the future?

I'd like to keep recording my own songs and piano pieces, and put out an album of songs by songwriters from Chapel Hill, NC. I'd also like to put out a "Centipede Reader"-- short stories, photography, poetry, and drawings.

I'd love to begin playing more, also. If you can get a few people and a few bucks, I may just show up! I do "concerts" of my own songs and piano pieces-- interspersed with bits of poetry and fiction. Someday I'd love to give a concert of just acoustic piano-- but I still can't believe anybody would pay just to hear me play. If I ever get rich, perhaps I'll rent out Carnegie Hall and give a free concert. If I gave it in the winter, I might draw a good crowd from people coming in to keep warm.

List your 7 favorite things.

1-- Sleeping (I sleep a lot.... it's great!.... In general, the more I sleep, the more I accomplish).

2-- Eating (I love cookies 'n' cream ice cream.... except that a family history of diabetes makes me feel guilty).

3-- Listening to music.... especially singer-songwriters performing live.

4-- Spending time with certain friends and family members (I've also recently met a woman I really enjoy being with).

5-- Playing on a great piano (I've never owned a piano.... so getting to play on a nice-sounding grand is still a rare treat.... and often very inspiring).

6-- Traveling (I love exploring places I've never been before.... even if it's just a new street in my neighborhood. However, I almost never want to see any of these places a second time!).

7-- Doing interviews for magazines (unfortunately, this is only my second one in twenty years. I added up the words, and it comes out to just .438 words per day-- and that includes the questions!).

You can contact Nyle at PO Box 121832, Nashville, TN 37212 or phone (615) 329-3532.

ENRAPTURED PAIN

You finally gave up trying
with doubts that could give
You're not scared of dying
but I'm afraid to live

Once I felt your body close
as it slowly ached with mine
When we made love to fall asleep
in each others embrace of wine

I can't stand the strain
of this impaling pain

What's the use of going on
with nothing left to gain?
How or why-- leaves me to wonder
what makes you carry on
the fiery burning passion
that lasts from dusk to dawn
(or Mater Mike)

--Lars

Distress

When I was young
The moon followed me home at night
And hovered outside my bedroom window
Like the headlight of a train
Baring down on distress

--Bryan Baker

MORTALS FLEE

You just watch
....the fragile form
as it waits for the last hour
it knows.... as you do too
that there is little time left
Nothing more.... Nothing less
It seems to utter simply:
"Don't deny me" as the
light washes over its
....motionless figure
you.... shiver
before a restful still
surrounds the floating air
listening for tomorrow
that never comes
(for the late, great Pyro-Biafra)

--Lars

Musical quotes

"The sound of the sea, the curve of a horizon, wind in leaves, the cry of a bird leave manifold impression in us. And suddenly, without our wishing it at all, one of these memories spills from us and finds expression in musical language.... I want to sing my interior landscape with the simple artlessness of a child."— Claude Debussy

"Personally, I had the feeling as if I had fallen into an ocean of boiling water.... it burned not only my skin, it burned also internally."— Arnold Schoenberg on discovering atonality

"It might have been the desire to get rid of this nightmare, of this unharmonious torture, of these unintelligible ideas, of this methodical madness—and I must admit: these were not bad men who felt this way."— Arnold Schoenberg on the initial antipathy towards atonality

".... the first bars of the prelude.... at once evoked derisive laughter. I was disgusted. These demonstrations, at first isolated, soon became general, provoking counter-demonstrations and very quickly developing into a terrific uproar."— Igor Stravinsky on the first performances of *The Rite of Spring*

"I had the feeling that once the twelve notes had run out the piece was finished.... It sounds grotesque, incomprehensible, and it was immensely difficult."— Anton Webern on his *Bagatelles*

"Maybe something has been achieved, but it was not I who deserves the credit for that. The credit must be given to my opponents. They were the ones who really helped me."— Arnold Schoenberg

".... a great man—but Oh for just one big strong chord not tied to any key."— Charles Ives on Beethoven

"You god damn sissy, when you hear strong masculine music like this, get up and use your ears like a man!"— Charles Ives' reaction to hissing at a performance of a work by Carl Ruggles

"The instinctive and progressive interest of every man in art will go on and on, ever fulfilling hopes, ever building new ones, ever opening new horizons, until the day will come when every man while digging his potatoes will breathe his own epics, his own symphonies (operas, if he likes it); and as he sits of an evening in his backyard and shirt sleeves smoking his pipe and watching his children in their fun of building *their* themes for *their* sonatas of *their* life, he will look up over the mountains and see his visions in their reality, will hear the transcendental strains of the day's symphony resounding in their many choirs, and in all their perfection, through the west wind and the tree tops!"— Charles Ives

"Why can't music go out in the sameway it comes into man without having to crawl over a fence of sounds, thoraxes, catguts, wire, wood and brass?.... Is it the composer's fault that man has only ten fingers?"— Charles Ives

"My real idea is the brotherhood of nations.... I try to serve this idea in my music.... and that is why I do not shut myself from any influence, be the source Slovak, Rumanian, Arab, or any other."— Bela Bartok

"I consider that music is, by its very nature, essentially powerless to express anything at all, whether a feeling, an attitude of mind, a psychological mood, a phenomenon of nature, etc.... The phenomenon of music is given to us with the sole purpose of establishing an order in things, including, and particularly, the coordination between man and time."— Igor Stravinsky

"Respect alone remains barren, and can never serve as a productive or creative factor. In order to create there must be a dynamic force, and what force is more potent than love?"— Igor Stravinsky

"Between the products of nature and those of art no essential difference prevails."— Anton Webern

"Supposing times were normal— normal as they were before 1914 —then the music of our time would be in a different situation."— Arnold Schoenberg

"Is it not our duty to find a symphonic means to express our time, one that evokes progress, the daring and the victories of modern days? The century of the aeroplane deserves its music."— Claude Debussy in 1913

"And there are advantages I anticipate from such a machine: liberation from the arbitrary, paralyzing tempered system; the possibility of obtaining any number of cycles or, if still desired, subdivisions of the octave, consequently the formation of any desired scale; unsuspected range in low and high registers, new harmonic splendours obtainable from the use of sub-harmonic combinations now impossible, the possibility of obtaining any differentiation of timbre, of sound-combinations, new dynamics far beyond the present human-power orchestra, a sense of sound-projection in space by means of the emission of sound in any part or in many parts of the hall as may be required by the score, cross rhythms unrelated to each other, treated simultaneously.... — of sound in any part or in many parts of the hall as may be required by the score, cross rhythms unrelated to each other, treated simultaneously.... — all these in a given unit of measure or time which is humanly impossible to attain."— Edgard Varèse in 1939 on the future of sound generating machinery

Will it take six strong men to bring you back into the church?

We would welcome you to our church, no matter what condition you're in, but we'd really prefer to see you breathing. Come, join us in the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ. Salt Lake Christian Fellowship.



6913 So. 185 W., Hightech Drive
Midvale, Utah 84121
Phone: 566-8766

Services:

Sunday, Prayer at 10:00 a.m. Service at 10:30
Wednesday, Prayer at 7:00 p.m. Service at 7:30

Guinea Pig Man

Oh, they watch him eat and they watch him drink
They watch the funny little way that he wiggles his feet
They watch him go to movies
And they walk where he walks
Oh, the poor man— he's a Guinea Pig Man
Hey yeah, he's a Guinea Pig Man
A problem that ends you do not understand

Oh, they listen to the way that he says his words
And they watch how he moves when he talks to girls
They take lots of blood, they take lots of hair
They take skin from his face, they take skin from everywhere
Oh yeah, he's a Guinea Pig Man
Oh, you're looking at him— he's a Guinea Pig Man

Oh, the Guinea Pig Man does what he can
He goes to work every day to feed his family
But they just won't leave him alone— they've got to have everything
They've got to know everything about him
Can't you see?
Oh, he's nothing but a Guinea Pig Man
Your lookin'— he's just a Guinea Pig Man

Oh, the Scientists drop a bomb down his pants
Just to see when it's gonna blow up
Oh, the Scientists drop a bomb down his pants
Just to see when it's gonna blow up
And the Guinea Pig Man—
He's naturally a violent man
Oh, the Guinea Pig Man can't help it
He's just a violent man, you see
The Guinea Pig Man— he's got blood on his hands

Well, the Doctor on the one side
And the Scientist on the other
And caught up in the middle is the Guinea Pig Man
Oh, the taxman says he's got to pay him money
Let's see how much we can get the Guinea Pig Man to pay
Hey yeah, he's just a Guinea Pig Man
Caught up in the middle is the Guinea Pig Man
Oh, the Salesman does what he can
To find out how he can rip off the Guinea Pig Man
Oh, the market man does what he can
To take a little more from the Guinea Pig Man

Don't you know we're nothing but Guinea Pig Men
Standing 'round here doing the best we can?
--Ipsos ©1989 (from the tape, 'Something New?', by Ipsos Facto)

BUD COLLINS TRIO

The Bud Collins Trio is a five piece band based in the Windham, CT. area, consisting of:

Chris Duers
guitar, vocals
Pat Guiney
guitar, vocals
Tony Castellano
bass, keyboards, vocals
Chris Weinland
drums, backing vocals
Gordon Clark
percussion, backing vocals

All members (except Castellano, who grew up in the Danbury, CT. area) grew up in the Storrs, CT. area.

The roots of the band began in mid-1985 with Duers, Weinland, bassist Rob Overberry and a keyboardist named "Zippy" who quit after a few short months. In the summer of '86 they picked up Clark and Castellano. At that time the music was very raw and jam oriented with most of the songs being instrumental. When it became apparent in January of '87 that the bass player had lost interest, he was replaced by Castellano, and with the addition of Guiney on guitar to offset the loss of keyboards, the new Bud Collins Trio was born.

The group immediately felt the "click" of the new combination and began working hard, practicing and writing new music, which was more vocal oriented and streamlined but still relied heavily on extended instrumental passages. In March of '87, the band recorded their first 90-minute tape, "Isn't that against the law by now?", on a borrowed 4-track machine. The tape features all original music, mostly re-vamped old Bud Collins tunes written by Duers, but with contributions from Guiney and Castellano as well.

The band rehearsed extensively over the summer of '87, and by September were recording their second tape (also 90-minutes) entitled "So Long, Mr. Right Side Up." Also recorded on 4-track but with major improvements in sound quality and band tightness. The tape was produced and engineered by the band in members' homes, as was the first tape. "So Long....." contains nearly all new music, with increased contributions from Castellano and Guiney, although from the start everyone in the band has basically written their own parts, giving a strong collaborative strength to individual compositions. Up to this point, the BC3



was only playing scattered live gigs locally, preferring to spend some time writing, recording and playing together as a band before diving headfirst into the club circuit.

Continuing their feverish pace of writing and recording, "KONGSOONTORNCHARDEN," another 90-minute tape offering, was ready in March '88. Although it was recorded on a 4-track, due to massive preparation and care taken during the recording process, it came out sounding comparable to an album recorded on an 8-track. "KONG....." showed the band's compositional and playing skills continuing to grow, and it was this tape that attracted the attention of some local radio stations and club owners. As 1988 progressed, the band began to play more live dates and was starting to see serious potential for some long term success if they kept at it.

December of '88 found yet another 90 minutes of music, "Watching Channel Zero." Recorded on 8-tracks but still produced and engineered by the band, it is another significant jump in songwriting, playing and sound quality. By this point, Duers, Castellano and Guiney were all contributing roughly equal amounts of music and lyrics, and Weinland and Clark were also starting to get more involved in the composition of songs. The band hopes to get CDs of "Watching...." out sometime in the spring.

The Bud Collins Trio looks forward to playing numerous live gigs in 1989 and hopes for a deal with an independent record label. From the very start, the band's motto has been to write and play interesting, challenging music that fuses pop, jazz, rock, funk, reggae, classical and psychedelic seamlessly into a package that will hopefully excite others as it does them. They resist being labelled as only one type of music and feel that by retaining the freedom to play whatever flavor of music they want they can avoid falling into ruts. Whatever happens in the coming year, the Bud Collins Trio knows it will at least still be playing, writing, and recording, for themselves and anyone else who might be interested.



Along with a couple of his tapes, Shawn Swaggerty sent me this discussion of his taping and the accompanying photo. I figure I'll just let Shawn speak for himself.....

A few words

I got a small cassette machine for Christmas in 1970. I was 9 years old. The problem with the first tape I made was that the cassette machine ate it on the first playing. It ate the second tape, too. My mom and I thought that the problem was with the tapes, so we went to the department store and exchanged the tapes. The machine ate the new tapes, too. We finally wised up and exchanged the machine.

I issued my first tape for sale in Missoula, Montana in 1983. It was called "Philistine Plus," and featured different versions of some songs I had written for the rather loud band I was in at the time. Included in the packaging was a diatribe against Dolby noise reduction, which got me into a pointless discussion with one fellow who thought the tape was far too noisy. I thought it quite ironic that this was the same gentleman who had loaned me a copy of John Cage's "Indeterminacy," I wondered aloud if he had ever listened to "Indeterminacy," let alone comprehended it.

Though I don't think my new tapes are noisy (I use dbx during most of my track bouncing), some of my favorite tapes from both friends and cassette people are the noisiest and hissiest things I could imagine hearing. If I read a review that makes an issue of poor

sound quality and nothing else, I know that the critic in question has little understanding of the medium. Sometimes there is music in that hiss and distortion.

I don't own a snazzy 4-track. I usually bounce tracks between two cassette decks, one of which has to be beaten periodically so that it will stop squealing. My use of non-musical source material and manipulation of the pause-button is my own business, but Mr. Matt Crowley of Seattle has found antecedent use of these methods in descriptions of taping by Bysin and Burroughs (both, of course, founders of tape-culture who owe their fascination to Tzara).

When I use the drums of Mr. Wally Erickson, it is via tapes which I recorded of his drumming on a few different occasions when I found him in my proximity. He now lives in Glendale, California and is making tapes of his own, some of which I wish he would send to me and you and you and you.

My favorite review of one of my tapes was by Mike Gunderloy in *Factsheet Five* #29 who wrote of the item called S.Swag Et Al.:

"Musical constructions with a light and airy sound about them, but buttressed by strong chords and rhythms. Some of this almost sounds like toy instruments, but then Shawn and company get rolling with drums and guitar and the music hits a groove-- sort of industrial pop, contradiction though that may be. Synthesizers and tape loops seem to carry most of the weight here."

I can buy all that, except the bit about synthesizers and tape loops (neither of which were employed on the tape). I should also mention that my new tape, "The Garbagy Terrain," is much more guitar-laden. I hope Messrs. Gunderloy, Baker and others who practice their craft are kind to that one.

I will have more tapes available in the near future, and I hope to hear many more tapes from those who wish to make them available. Bless us all, everyone."

Anyone interested in writing to Shawn personally can reach him at 428 Ridge St. NW, Washington, DC 20001-4622. For those of us involved in cassette culture, the exchange of ideas is an integral part of the music making process.

Satan's Plan

On the surface, I might blame it on the Commies. I've uncovered a scheme using an elaborately calculated scientific technique aimed at rendering a generation of American youth neurotic through nerve-jamming, mental deterioration, and retardation. This ultra-subversive technique implements the widespread broadcasting of rock 'n' roll, with its voodoo-inspired jungle beat, synchronized with the body's natural rhythms to induce a hypnotic state (consciously and subconsciously) in the listener. Rock performers need only mass hypnotize millions of American youth, condition their emotions through the beat of the 'music' and then have someone give the word for riot or revolt. If this scientific program is not exposed, degenerated Americans will indeed raise the Communist flag over their own nation. Is it any wonder why these God-hating Russians have outlawed rock 'n' roll? But that is only part of our problem....

I, myself, was a perfectly normal rock musician and songwriter in the 60's. Then I discovered Christ and realized how hideously sinful and awful rock really is. A friend of mine convinced me that I should use my knowledge to enter the Lord's service full-time. Please, I beg you to hear my cry; and the cry of thousands of others who've been ravaged beyond death by the grip of rock 'n' roll.

Like I said, Communism is only part of our problem-- Those creatures are only a tool in the paws of the real beast behind this evil-spawned menace. You better believe that only one force could wield such a mighty and terrible control over the souls of our beloved children: that force is none other than Satan himself! And rock 'n' roll is an all-important cog in his plan to achieve world-wide decay. It's a well-known fact, since the Lord himself has revealed it to me and other Christians, that incarnate demons from the netherworld actually are members of many of today's most popular bands.

Just look at the youth of today. Their will to strive for the finer things in life, to reach for their fullest potentials, to be happy and enjoy life-- all these things have been destroyed by rock 'n' roll. It's the beat that kills plants! It's the beat borrowed from primitive, heathen rituals that whips them into a hypnotic frenzy and causes mental illnesses, riots, suicides, drug craziness and blind hatred for anything moral and right. One only needs look at the general apathy prevalent in our kids today-- an apathy

Territory

I can still smell by brother's saliva
as we wrestled like dogs for territory
through a childhood of marked baseball cards
and teethmarks
and hand-me-down mitts and tee-shirts
I can still feel the ball slamming into my face
and the sweet smell of tall Summer grass
and wishing I could suddenly sink down
and disappear from all this hopeless ugliness

--Bryan Baker

toward anything that doesn't fulfill their immediate, primal gratification addiction-- to understand just how prevalent and over-powering Satan's influence has become. And rock 'n' roll is his key. Don't you doubt that for one minute.

You've all heard about backwards masking and subliminal messages-- not to mention the outright embracing of Satan and all of his works: promiscuous sex, bestiality, murder, suicide, necrophilia, child abuse, drug abuse, rebellion, etc. which permeate 99% of all rock 'n' roll songs. When these thoughts are repeatedly digested into our children's brains every day and every night of their lives, almost from the time they are born-- is it any wonder the decay of Satan's evil power hasn't set in?

And it's only going to get worse. Reports of drug abuse, the formation of heathen satanic cults, illicit crime, etc. are going up all the time. You read the papers, you watch the news on TV-- wake up America, it's your children they're talking about!

Once upon a time (not too long ago) our nation was the greatest this world had ever seen. Now we are struggling to barely compete; all the while looking for answers to what could have caused our quick and terrible downfall. Well now you know.

It was rock 'n' roll.

Destroy it before it destroys us all.

Okay, the joke's over. Not too funny though, is it? Not at all.

The preceding article is based on ideas presented in various anti-rock books and other literature from the 1950's to present, as reported in *Chemical Imbalance* #8 by John Marr.

Fight the PMRC and their ilk, or this attitude will become a much bigger thumb than any of us can possibly shirk.

How? Write your Congressmen. Write to your local newspaper Editor. Even write your friendly 'zine publisher. And make your feelings known to anyone who thinks they have the power to control your lives and your freedom (redundant terms, I know), or this government by the people will assume this attitude is the one shared by the majority (I certainly hope, for our sakes, that it's not); and then those who think they have the power will.

--Bryan Baker

Slip-Bark Whistle

A smooth, blemish-free branch from a striped maple or willow is all that is needed for an old-fashioned slip-bark whistle. The branch should be about $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick and is best cut in the spring, when the sap is running. Cut out a straight 7-inch section from the branch. The narrow end will be the whistle's mouthpiece.



1. Peel a $\frac{1}{8}$ -in.-wide ring of bark from center section of branch. Loosen and remove bark around narrower half of branch by tapping thoroughly with knife handle, then twisting bark off.



DR. ELWOOD

-sex tips from the hip-

Dear Dr. Elwood,

My husband is a gynecologist and looks at other women's private parts every day. How do I make myself more interesting and not just "seen one seen them all?"

--Not just another pretty face

Dear Not,

Try a pair of eyeglasses with a fake nose and mustache.. I'll bet he doesn't see that every day!

Dear Dr. Elwood,

I'm a 90-year-old virgin and have decided that this lifestyle is for the birds. Where can a horny woman my age get laid?

--I need it before I die

Dear Need,

Call George Burns.. and let the birds decide for themselves.

Dear Dr. Elwood,

My husband wants to have sex in strange positions but standing on my head makes me have nose bleeds. How can I prevent this from happening?

--No missionary position here

Dear Twisterette,

Cut off your nose..... Or maybe try standing on his head (either one!).

Dear Dr. Elwood,

I am a man who likes cheating on his wife, but the cost of keeping more than one woman is getting a little expensive. What is the cheapest but easiest way to get a woman to have sex with you without a lot of hassle?

--My wife doesn't understand me

Dear Misunderstood,

Get job at a mortuary and start practicing necrophilia. Sex with a dead woman can be lost of fun.. and you never have to worry about the 'fatal attraction' syndrome. Besides, Dr. Elwood says, 'Happiness is never having to say, 'I love you.'

Dear Dr. Elwood,

I can't help but think of sex all the time. Every morning, noon and night I want to have sex. I can't get enough. My whole life is surrounded with sex, sex toys, sex magazines, sex movies. My body is always craving more. Even at work I am always thinking about sex and having to go in the bathroom to play with myself. If I could I would want to have an orgasm every 5 minutes. My boyfriend can't keep up with me. He says it's going to kill him to keep me satisfied. I think he needs help.

--Wanting it all the time

Dear Wanting,

Help is on the way! You've left out one sex-item to surround your life with- a sex advisor. I think your problem is very serious and calls for an office visit for one of Dr. Elwood's special injections (See Tee). I think you could be cured if I put you on a regimen of say, 10 injections a day! Don't delay.. make an appointment today!!

Dear Dr. Elwood,

With all the scare about AIDS my boyfriend insists that we wear rubber gloves and that he wear two condoms. Sex like this is very boring. I can't feel a thing. How do I make him understand that I don't like having sex with the incredible rubber man?

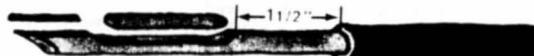
--Not feeling a thing and hating it

Dear Unfeeling,

Tell Gumby if he wants rubber you'll buy him a doll.

Got a problem? Dr. Elwood is here. Direct all your sexual travesties and nude photos to Dr. E., C/O of GAJOOB, Dept. "ah".

2. Replace bark, grip it firmly to keep it in place, and shape mouthpiece by making upward-curving cut on underside of narrow end. Then cut wedge-shaped piece 1 in. from end.



3. With bark removed, whittle out wood from base of wedge to within $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. of handle. Groove should extend halfway through the branch. Next, slice flat sliver from top of mouthpiece.



4. Dip whistle core in water to lubricate, then carefully replace bark in original position. Test whistle; if necessary, remove another sliver from top of mouthpiece.

DINO DiMUR by Bryan Baker

When I first got into the cassette culture, it was by way of Option magazine. They used to have quite a lengthy section of cassette reviews. I had no idea people were doing this, even though I had been making tapes for myself for a few years prior to this discovery.

Anyway, reading through the reviews, I kind of admired Dimuro's writing, and thought that maybe his cassettes would be something I could get into. It also seemed to me that he was sort of well-respected in the field. So I sent \$5 for his "A Real Pretty Rose" tape. It came within 3 or 4 days. I was impressed with his response time.

The tape, however, pretty much sucked, in my opinion.

All it was, was a recording of a trip he took by train to this one guy's house, at which they proceeded to verbally (and laughing all the while with these tapes playing in the background) tear down cassettes they had gotten in the mail. This 60-minute tape did have one or two small samples of actual music-- which *were* good.

I really couldn't understand the point to all this muffled conversation and train station underpinnings. In fact, I honestly thought he had mistakenly sent me a personal journal-recording instead of the real thing.

So I wrote to him, and told him that I couldn't see the sense in it. I did still consider him a person worthy of some respect, since his standing in cassette culture was obviously pretty high-- so I also sent him a tape of mine and asked him what he thought of it. It was my first tape, so I was understandably curious about its worth-- it also was quite special to me; I'd taken a great deal of time in compiling it together and making lyric inserts and the whole bit.

So a couple days later I get an envelope with an envelope with something inside and this note written on it:

Bryan--

Sorry "Rose" wasn't "...even worth listening too." However, I know you'll feel differently about the enclosed tape.

Best,

Dino

I then proceeded to open the envelope with this writing on it, and found the tape of mine I had sent him-- burnt, wrapped in a plastic bag, and smashed.

You can probably guess how shocked I was! It was my mistake to assume that a fairly well-known music critic could take, what I thought to be, constructive criticism-- would even appreciate it, if he was at all concerned with his art. I thought of a million things I might do in order to retaliate for his gross misconduct. Naturally, I thought of doing the same to his tape-- but that would be stupid. I thought of writing to Option and informing them as to what a juvenile and destructive staff member they were employing-- this, I probably should have done, but I was too depressed about the whole thing to bring myself to do it.... So I just sat around and stewed over it.

Then a couple weeks after this, I received the following letter, along with \$5, from Mr. DiMuro:

Bryan,

I have been wracked with guilt for days. Believe it or not, spiteful dramatic gestures are not my style. If I'd waited a week I would have calmed down.

I am sincerely sorry and ashamed that I destroyed your tape. I doubt there's any way I can make it up to you, but I suppose a refund is a good start.

Your appraisal of "ARPR" was rough, and I'm a ridiculously sensitive guy. I had my reasons for what I did, but none of them are good enough.

Please accept this apology. It is 100% authentic. I'm just a flawed human being, after all.

Dino

Apology accepted, Dino.

Kevin Connell

A few years ago, I worked at Gossner's cheese factory up in Logan, Utah. It was there that I met Kevin Connell.

He always arrived at work at least a half hour early, and punched in and sat in the men's break room/dressing room until it was time to go to work. We started at 5am.

We all hated the work. We were on the Universal crew, which involved pushing these huge tubs of swiss cheese around, cutting them into squares approximately 3 by 3 feet, dumping them into the brine, then washing the tubs and preparing them for the next load of cheese. It was hot, humid, grunt work at its very lowest degree.

Kevin drank one gallon of milk that he purchased at the plant every day and lived with what I gathered was a very domineering mother who had a lot of money and a lot of property. He was left-handed and played a right-handed guitar turned upside down and strung backwards. He also had two 16-track recorders that he never used since he moved to Utah. He did play me some recordings he had made with his garage band from back home which were pretty good. He was deaf until he was six or seven years old, and he drew pictures that I never had a chance to see.

He told me of this time that he got sick from a cheese bacteria which got into his blood stream at another cheese factory that closed down in Logan. He was bed-ridden and had no control over his bowels for months. I couldn't believe that he would go back to work at a cheese factory after that; and in fact, he did move back to Missouri for a while, but came back 'cos he couldn't find work and was out of money. I asked him why he didn't work some place else, but he pretty much avoided the question by stating that he had tried. By the way, there were quite a few other people who had come from different states to find work, which I thought was strange because I thought our economy was depressed too.

There was a guy from Nigeria, named Felix, on our crew who came most recently from Anchorage, Alaska to attend Utah State because he could concentrate on school in

Logan since there wasn't anything else to do. He said that everyone in Anchorage was a cocaine addict. He also told of this time driving cab (he averaged \$800/day doing that) when he was going to stop to pick up this one passenger, but got a feeling that he shouldn't; and finding out later that the man had stabbed the cabbie that did pick him up. His father owned a farm in Nigeria. Felix had a wife and five children there also. He also spoke of a musician named Fela, who was considered a spiritual leader by the people and had gone through having his mother thrown out a second story window of his home among other things, and false imprisonment for ten(?) years, all because of his outspoken lyrics against the government and the people in power.

There was another kid who talked about fishing all the time, and another who was a newlywed, returned missionary who talked to all the mexican employees and helped us get to know them better than we would have because they didn't speak english. The mexican employees were all sending money back home to their families, and living just within their means in the meantime.

Anyway, the thing I liked most about Kevin Connell was that his sense of humor was as dark as mine. We were laughing all the time, working in that dismal environment. After work one afternoon, we sat in my car and I played him some of my recordings. Afterwards, I think I was discussing the unique feeling of just having made a song that you're especially proud of; and I likened it to the feeling immediately after having peed your pants and just before feeling disgusted by it-- how warm and relieved you feel right at that very moment,

OPINIONS

Flinging coarse words
and our tempers collide
Opinions... absurd opinions
it seems such a wretched shame
When we use to stand together
with our shoulder to shoulder
Who's right? Who's wrong?
does it matter anymore?
When you've lost the nearness
of good friends
I ask, 'why-- oh why?'
and cannot justify the end
Now there is only a lifetime
of sorrow
that time will not mend.
(for Master Mike)
--Lars

you know? I think we must have laughed forever.

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR HELL

The upwardly mobile
wash the blood off their hands
with pumice and a stocky exchange
But we disinherit the earth
with silent terror as if
observing a hearse whisk past
No one's in sight
when the blood spills at twilight
all down the front of your
Sunday best dress.
And the jaded tears wear tender sores
in our fractured faces of excess.
--Lars

Tape Reviews



LISTEN TO ME!

"I have never been overly concerned about criticism. The artist must be his most severe critic, since he possesses the ideal standard in abstract. Darrus Milbaud told me years ago to ignore what people wrote about my music. What he saw then and I saw later was the uniqueness of each individual." -- Thomas Jefferson Anderson, black classical composer

GAJOOB's CURRENT TOP LIST

The Bud Collins Trio Watching Channel Zero
Ipso Facto Something New?
Barefoot and Pregnant Demo
Donald Campau Gray Test Hits
Heather Perkins Dangerous Household Objects
Josef K. Noyce Sings
Nyle Frank Riding With Pachelbel
Children arms to hold you
Da Neighbors Suburbia
Dance Naked The Hidden God
Jack Scratch Demo
Anak Gentlemanic
Violence and the Sacred Failure Parade
Hail Tapes Compilation
John Thaxton
Violet Town

Theatre of Ice Mouseblood
Sponge Wand Inside Jar
Shawn Swagerty Et Al. The Garbagy Terrain
Jeff Carney Imperfect Space Journeys
WALLMEN Fluffy Like You
The Exactones Where are the Exactones?
Acoustic Medicine Prayers Go Out
The Idiot Grow a Brain
None Other The Path of Least Resistance
Shadow Play Another Autumn Day
Henry Heklik Motion P. Music
Larry Ruhl Idiosync
Theatre of Ice Love... Is Like Dying
A View From Below (Compilation)
Gamma Rays For Modern Man
State of Confusion Horrible Human History
Shawn Swagerty Storefront Bar/b/q
Deaf Child
Courtesy Patrol Razor Clocks
Cephalic Index You Never Know
Mystery Hearsay Halos and Thorns
Clocks ACME
B is For Bryan... It's Not What We Really Wanted
Those One Guys Love and Blood
Nyle Frank Who Needs More Bad Songs?
Victimized Karcass Trial of Murder
Suckdog/Costes The Hanged
Acoustic Medicine Return of the Circle
The Now is Here/The Hear is Now
Non-Profit Motive Choices in the Latter Days
Arbitrator Demo
Soylent Slop Sloppage

Concerning the following reviews-- the first 8 are reprinted from the first two issues to give the ones I like the added exposure by way of GAJOOB's big jump to-- ahem --national distribution and focus..... Tapes received on or after 4/10/89 will be reviewed in the next issue (Sorry Al, etc.).



NONE OTHER

The Path of Least Resistance
C46, low bias

Corrosive Bumble Bee Tapes

Mike Carlson and Chad Lawrence make up this keyboard and digital effects based outfit. On the cover of this tape is a quote by John Cage, circa 1937: "I believe that the use of noise to make music will continue and increase until we reach a music produced through the aid of electrical instruments that will make available for musical purposes any and all sounds that can be heard." NONE OTHER tries this concept at times, but the

ever-present catchy melodies within actual song structures belies a much heavier influence from 'popular' (mostly off-beat pop and industrial) music too. The lyrics focus on a variety of subjects: political interest peddling and Capitalistic power-money hunger, the fulfillment of old wives' tales, shooting missionaries and their ilk, despair juxtaposed with innocence..... But it's the sounds that are the focus here, really. Some of the songs border on noise and confusion while others are melodic and concise in their structure. The tape comes with a lyric sheet and all the pertinent info for those of us who like knowing those kinds of things. Mike also puts out a passionate little 'zine called Use Your Brain which I'm sure you could get in your mail slot for a buck (that's \$1). (\$4 ppd., Corrosive Bumble Bee Tapes, P. O. Box 1601, SLC, UT 84110-1601)

☞ THEATRE OF ICE

Love.... is like dying

Orphanage

Side Alpha of this tape skirts we-dare-you-to-like-this territory a little too closely, but side Omega is absolutely great! The thrash songs are derivative thrash (most thrash is though), but most of the songs on this tape aren't and therefore manage to avoid any labels. Listening to this, I got the impression that these guys were truly attempting to bring something out of themselves that had not been brought out by other people. At the same time, they don't fall into the trap of being simply original for originality's sake. If you want a tape that truly shows the possibilities of independent taping, get this one. But be prepared: 'doom pop' from returned Mormon missionaries is a pretty scary concept if you think about it. (\$5, Orphanage, P.O. Box 315, 1702 W. Camelback, Phoenix, AZ 85015)

☞ THEATRE OF ICE

Mouse Blood

Orphanage

This tape is a compilation of songs from THEATRE OF ICE's earlier releases, 'as chosen by haters of the band.' Even though it is a compilation it seems much more focused than Love.... is like dying-- at least musically. The brothers Johnson have created an admittedly demented tape that is, however, accessible in style and structure. This would be a good starting point for those who have yet to explore the shadowy reaches this band chooses to habitate. (\$5, Orphanage, P.O. Box 315, 1702 W. Camelback, Phoenix, AZ 85015)

☞ THOSE ONE GUYS

Love and Blood

Allegro Productions

This tape was recorded in James Groutage's state of the art home-based studio in Logan, UT. Loud, modulated-snare driven drums, up-front guitars and down back synthesizers are the rule here. Dan Gill's guitar work shines throughout. The Brad and Tom ('No, we're not brothers') Armstrong rhythm section is competent and varied. Darby O'Darby's and Dan Gill's vocals

suit the material well, occupying the modern guitar rock category (John Cougar Mellencamp, Bruce Springsteen etc.), along with a touch of reggae. Lyrical themes range from political alienation to love-- love, eventually gaining the upper hand. You'd be very hard-pressed to find a better technically sounding independent tape than this anywhere; but, the thoughtfully constructed lyrics notwithstanding, I can't help hoping for a little more daring exploration from people who have enough obvious talent to make listening to such exploration very rewarding. Don't get me wrong: this is very good for what it is. But that's all it is. (Allegro Productions)

☞ DA NEIGHBORS

Suburbia

Mike Graves writes personal songs about change and indecision. There are emotions being explored here that, for the writer, seem cathartic but ultimately unsatisfying (that's not to say the songs themselves are unsatisfying-- on the contrary). And forever whirling around and throughout this is a lot of wonderful music, played with intensity and feeling. The style is not unique. REM and a host of others are covering some of the same ground (only Da Neighbors play with more abandon and darker progressions), but thanks to Graves' lyrical depth, DA NEIGHBORS avoid being just another jangle clone. In song after song you'll find hooks you can sing to, and chord changes and phrasings that will challenge and surprise you. 'The Corner' and 'As Soon As I Get What I Want' are personal favorites, but this tape is thick with little and big pleasures that are added to with each successive exposure. (Dave Leikam, (801) 277-5759)

☞ ARBITRATOR

Demo

ARBITRATOR's inexperience shows in this attempt to follow in the footsteps of so many other bands who are trudging along the Heavy Metal path. Naturally, more practice will overcome this problem, because these are some talented individuals. And live, I can imagine these guys being dark and raw and full of venom. But this tape isn't very interesting, because at some point Godzilla became, for me, simply ridiculous and funny, and so did heavy metal posing and scarecrow-ish power. I really don't think that Heavy Metal, as a genre, is inherently the way it is portrayed in films like Spinal Tap or The Heavy Metal Years. But somewhere along the line the bombastics tend to obliterate all traces of what may have been human characteristics, and what might have revealed these characteristics in any sort of artistic light-- made them real to me, or showed me some new depth. But then, money seems to be the giant God for most of Heavy Metal's would-be Bon Jovies and Megadeathies; and that ultimately contains only emptiness and frustration for me, as a listener; and, I would imagine, for the artist as well. I think ARBITRATOR is capable of more than that, and more than this-- if that's what they want.

☞ Ipso Facto

Something New? 46-minut

Put out by two individuals who call themselves *Ipsos* and *Facto*. This tape is strange, but accessible. Lots of sounds that make you wonder, "How did they do that?" Again and again. Some far off, distorted vocals, simple, eerily child-like synth notes, vari-speed vocals, tinny, crackling guitars-- along with an array of normal sounding instruments like harmonica, mandolin, guitar; and straight ahead vocals too. I wouldn't call this just shock value. These songs all have hooks you could probably hum, even though they have arranged the songs into sort of a concept against commercialism. My favorite song is called, "Guinea Pig Man." The anger and frustration that we all feel in every day life from being used and abused by seen and unseen forces within and beyond our control is brought out extremely well. This song would become a classic if life was fair. (\$5, **Ipsos Facto**, P.O. Box 3201, SLC, UT 84110. P.S. I'm just the middle man here--B.)

☞ CLOCKS

ACME

46-60 minutes

This tape is unlike any I own. That of itself says a lot. Sure, it's all percussion, and after a few minutes your attention might begin to wander; but I don't think this tape was intended to hold its listener for the duration. Unless, of course, you happen to be temporarily chemically unbalanced-- and then it becomes hypnotic and an experience. I like this mainly as background

music, or just before I go to sleep. If you ever get a chance to see *CLOCKS* live, by all means, do so. With instrumentation that consists of 50-gallon oil drums, 15-foot steel appendages, antlers, gears and various pitched instruments-- it's pretty amazing. (\$5, *Clocks*, 1 E. Broadway, SLC, UT 84111)

And now on to the new reviews.....

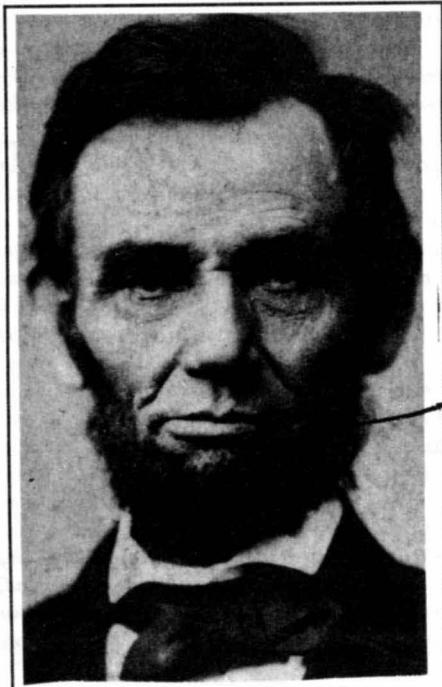
☞ SUCKDOG/COSTES

The Hanged

46-min

"The Hanged" is a play with incidental music, written by Costes and performed in (I believe) France. It's in English, and they are kind enough to include a color-copied booklet of words and pictures. Both the words and the pictures are very graphic and full of degradation (including sodomy, incest, bestiality). This is shock drama in the Psychodrama vein-- only, this has somewhat of a plot. The Hanged are everybody. We watch and we see all. The plot: The Hanged look on unimpassionately as the President beats and rapes a peasant, the peasant rapes the President's daughter, she falls in love with the peasant, the peasant takes the daughter's clothes and goes to the President and rapes and kills him and becomes the new President, the daughter has a child conceived in the rape, she burns the kingdom as a present to the child, and everything becomes new.

If Art consists of wrenching emotions from those experiencing it-- then you might call this Art. But is disgust really an emotion you wish for? On the other hand, you might say that this is simply a comment on society's moral bankruptcy and a



GAJOOB means Cassette Culture

Abe says, "GAJOOB?! Sounds like nonsense to me."

Help free Abe from the tyranny
of the past

Subscribe to GAJOOB

Sign me up for a 1-year subscription.
Enclosed is \$5 for 6 issues.

Maybe.....
Enclosed is \$1. Send me the next issue.

See you in Hell

GAJOOB
PO Box 3201
Salt Lake City, UT 84110

hope that our children should not be made a witness to it-- with the knowledge that they certainly will. (Lisa Suckdog, PO Box 1491, Dover, NH 03820).

CHILDREN

arms to hold you

This band is very intent of going somewhere (I figure anybody who sends press releases must be, huh?). They also sent a 'biography': 'The five member band, CHILDREN, presents a high-energy show that is original and thoughtful. While our music has been described as both spiritual and meaningful, our primary goal is to entertain, and we are extremely pleased with the enthusiastic response our audiences have given us wherever we have appeared.' The band's name reflects the spirit of their music. As lead singer, Kory Van Sickle, suggests, 'Children are incredibly trusting and have a wide-eyed innocence. Our music reflects that. We try to capture the joy and playfulness of children as well.' The success of the group's unique sound is due to the contribution of each of the members, who agree that the total sound is more important than individual recognition.... Each member has performed with other groups, adding to the diversity of the band's sound.'

To say their music has a 'wide-eyed innocence.... joy and playfulness....' is a little misleading; I found this tape to be very poetically introspective in nature. For instance, in 'Silhouette'-- 'scarlet silhouette in the distance/i thought you should see/the silhouette of a man/on a hill on a cross i know/watch the blood from his hands/feel it trickle out of his bones/dark red against black/feel the night crack will you.' And from 'I Stood Alone'-- 'God, do you know my fears/God, will you wipe away the tears/God, do you hear me call/God, will you break my fall.'

Musically, I would place CHILDREN somewhere between the acoustic/electric guitar interplay of John Cougar Mellencamp and the spiritual exploration of U2. This tape has a polished production sound to it, with obvious thought given to arrangements and such. And don't let the 'spiritual' tag fool you into thinking this is just somber mood music-- because this tape kicks! They have a good grasp of both subtlety and energy-- oftentimes within the same song. I like this tape a lot because, despite their chart-orientation, they haven't sacrificed a personal voice of expression. (PO Box 1411, Sioux falls, SD 57101-1411 or call (605) 338-2896)

Donald Campau

Gray Test Hits

60-min

audiofile Tapes

Consisting of an A side of Campau's greatest hits, 1981-1988, and a B side of unreleased instrumentals, 1987-1988. Campau's music is in the vein of many quirky home tapers. He's got a wonderfully twisted sense of observation with song titles like, 'This Better Be Love (Or You're Dead)', 'Happy to Have it Fixed', 'Drug Deal Gone Sour', and 'Until it Turns Red.' What sets his material apart is the fact that he is actually quite a good musician and he writes songs that easily capture and hold your interest. His arrangements are particularly adept at

turning every which way in their playfulness. This is definitely a must-have tape, and also a great introduction to one of cassette-culture's definitive artists. (\$6, C/O Carl Howard, audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)

WALLMEN

Fluffy Like You

60-min

audiofile Tapes

This tape is comprised of live performances of songs from WALLMEN's one EP and seven tape releases. The sound is very good most of the time, with the vocals occasionally getting lost in the shuffle of guitars and powerful drumming. There's a lot of energy here. This would be a great tape to put in your car player and then drive really fast-- it's not speedmetal or anything like it though, just loud energetic songs. Besides, the WALLMEN give you another reason to smoke pot: 'Smoke pot 'cos there's no God.' Most of these songs are in the 'We don't care about anything' mode. 'Sands of Time' states something like, 'There's no difference between the first amoeba and the final man.' Good-time apathy for one and all. (\$6, C/O Carl Howard, audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)

The Now is Here/ The Hear is Now

90-min

Leela Rasa Services

Here is something that unabashedly embraces the universal love-power consciousness of the hippie movement of the 60's. This tape consists of 90 minutes of song fragments, as food for the hopeful end to the 'worldwide love famine.' Artists from Paramahansa Yogananda to USA For Africa are used to make up this work. See the 21 love practices elsewhere in this issue for a more detailed statement about Danny's motivations for this. This being a work in progress, he seems eager at this point for some constructive outside thoughts to get him further towards the realization of the perfection and usefulness of this work as a means to an end-- the end being universal love and personal harmony. All the diverse voices he's compiled here, all crying out for basically the same goal, after the full 90 minutes had quite a stirring effect. However, it took me at least 20 minutes to get into the groove of the whole thing. I really had to force myself to see this for what it was and not simply to dismiss it as nothing more than a mish-mash token love sentiments. It was even more difficult, given the fact that I'm not too partial to this kind of music to begin with. But after a while I found myself getting caught up the message and the power that many voices lifted up as one can have. I can imagine this being quite an experience under the influence of certain chemicals, as Danny has suggested. The tape comes with a string-bound, hand-colored booklet outlining the phrases sung and a further exposition of terms. (Danny-- Leela Rasa Services, PO Box 1191, Stowe, VT 05672)



Nyle Frank

Riding With Pachelbel
40-min

Centipede Productions

This is tape of piano pieces, done with a great deal of feel and subtle emotion. There are a few original compositions, but mostly this is made up of standards such as, 'Rhapsody in Blue,' 'Michelle,' 'Clair de Lune,' and 'Time in a Bottle' to name several. Nyle approaches the piano with much grace and passion that is wonderful to hear. I'll be playing this tape many times for a long while. I highly recommend this tape. (Nyle Frank-- Centipede Productions, PO Box 121832, Nashville, TN 37212; (615) 329-3532)



Nyle Frank

Who Needs More Bad Songs?

33-min

Centipede Productions

There's two distinct sides to this tape, song-wise. A few the songs here are recorded with studio musicians-- and sound like it. These are nice, little love songs backed by competent yet pretty boring performances. The other songs are Nyle and his piano doing fun, irreverent, country-ish, story-type ditties that have quite a rollicking sense to them. For instance, the title song is about someone attempting to find an avocation. He starts out as a songwriter, but his friends say, "Who needs more bad songs?" So he tries his hand at writing stories, but his friends say, "Who needs more bad books?" Then he tries painting, but his friends say, "Who needs more bad pictures?" Finally, it turns out that a big-time record company buys one of his songs and he becomes rich, so he says goodbye to his friends with, "Who needs more bad friends?" (Nyle Frank-- Centipede Productions, PO Box 121832, Nashville, TN 37212; (615) 329-3532)



Henry Hektik

Motion P. Music

60-min

audiofile Tapes

New rage music with bits of industrial-type tape loops at times. Instrumentation consists of guitars, bass, low-end synthesizers and effects. This tape lives in the world of background music that occasionally grabs your interest. The structures of these works are varied enough to keep this on my play list with a good sense of peaks and anti-peaks. These works also show an obviously experienced attention to detail upon giving it a serious hearing. Recommended electronic music. (\$6, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)



Jeff Carney

Imperfect Space Journeys

60-minutes

audiofile Tapes

Sequencer-driven synthesizer excursions into the electronic space realm, ala a more varied Tangerine Dream. These pieces are masterfully executed. They're satisfying at either a high, enveloping volume or as a low, underpinning background. The

works range from simple embodiments to complex confusion-- often within a single piece. The last piece has some great spontaneous, jazz-type drumming by Shannon Taylor. Melodies come and go, but the drive is always constant, giving this tape a constant flow of atmospheric density. (\$6, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)



Josef K. Noyce

Sings

46-minutes

audiofile Tapes

Noyce has a truly distinctive voice, borne from sort of a spoken punk-growl. His words are very poetic and stunning. "War" stands out for me, with "I will be your tin-soldier/that is such a lie/color my face blood-red." Music consists of atmospheric synthesizer, sometime percussion, delay loops, occasional guitar-- almost in a pop vein, but then again, not. At first, I almost dismissed this as so much hardcore Shakespearian ranting; but I was soon enthralled by the tone, the directness, the cold imagery and the overall balance to this work. (\$5.50, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)



Larry Ruhl

Idiosync

This tape starts off with three spacey synthesizer excursions. The synths used here and throughout the tape sound like those of the low-end variety, and Larry uses them to very good effect. Immediately after the aforementioned excursions we have three curious songs, including one about the ghost of the Peanutbutter Man that should strike fear into our hearts if it weren't so funny (this is a compliment). After these, we get three "Transitional." The first has some neat synthetic violin riffs, the second is great carnival music, and the third is rollicking, stuttering synthetic madness. Next we get three little kids songs called, 'I'd Rather Chew My Thumb,' 'Three Little Robots,' and 'Conan the Barbarian.' The first of these is cool 'cos he sings it to his daughter who's laughing and having a grand old time. Next, 'An Interview With the Artist' is an inspired play serious Artistic motivations. Side Two gives us the best sounding song on the tape. 'I Just Love It' has a lot of simple-minded exclamations done to humorous effect which serves to comment on some the inanities of every day life in America. 'Eatin' Mary's Beaver' is hilharious: 'Nothing could be sweeter/than when I go to eat her/Eatin' Mary's beaver/that got caught inside my trap.' It's done in kind of a synthetic country mode. 'Let's Have a Party!' is more comment on the inanity of society. 'Idiosync' is industrial territorial grunts. 'Chirps' is random, processed percussion and eerie, tin synth notes. 'Dream Before I Sleep' is computer breakdown noises. 'A Look at the Stars' is sernedippity-sih exploration. 'Sack Race' is delayed synth riffs done to sequencer effect. 'Egg Toss' almost skirts funk territory. 'Handing Out of Trophies' sounds like music made on a Commodore 64 computer at times. So this tape uses simple synthesizers in wonderfully diverse ways. And it's a lot of fun a lot of the time besides! (Larry Ruhl, 128 Alcott Dr., Windsor, CT 06095)



CEPHALIC INDEX

You Never Know

46-min

audiofile Tapes

Imagine exiting your space craft, trillions of miles away from home, having absolutely no idea what awaits you-- but sure, nonetheless, that something does in fact await you. You feel totally lost and alone. The universe ignores you-- you're more insignificant than vast nothingness. A sense of doom permeates your soul. Sure only that your demise is imminent, you wander about at the mercy of fate.

This tape would be the perfect soundtrack to the afore-described scene. Or Halloween. Or maybe just something by which to contemplate your utterly hopeless state. (\$5.50, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)



B is For Bryan.....

It's Not What We Really Wanted

90-min

Subtitled, 'A December 1988 Collection of Sounds, Noises and Co-Workers,' this tape is exactly that. The idea being to assemble a tape, comprised of stuff from everybody at work. Most of this is mainly goofy, spontaneity. There are regular songs here, there's also an on-going Enterprise (from Star Trek) tour which is funny in its moments of unexpected vulgarity. If you like to hear people having a good time, this tape's for you. There's a few pieces from a band made up of a few of these people that are really quite good, raw, rock-punk songs. Personally, I'd really like to see a full tape of their material. It seems they've broken up, however. What a shame..... Oh, and Kyle puts out a 'zine called BOLD PRINT which contains lots of excellent poetry and other prose. He says he's got the next issue ready to go with material from over 50 writers-- but he has no money to print it. Such is life, I guess; but if you want to help poor Kyle out, send him a dollar or so and ask for the next issue. Maybe enough people will respond so he can get it out. (Kyle Hogg, 2211 Stuart Ave., Richmond, VA 23220)



Barefoot and Pregnant

3 song Demo

12-min

This is a band that should definitely be going somewhere with their music. At least I would hope so. These songs have kind of skewed chord structure similar to some of X's (even a little like the B-52s at times) material, with harmonies like the Bangles and shifting time-signatures-- odd and not so odd. Instrumentation is basic guitar-drums with occasional keyboard lines. Margot included this note along with the tape: 'We're a mostly female band sick to death of midriff shirts and shrill female vocalists, in love with percussion and sudden time changes, and clinging to the tenuous hope that Patti Smith's legacy hasn't been permanently interred by the Jordache generation.' I like this tape a lot! (Margot Miffin, 157 Huntington St. #4, Brooklyn, NY 11231; (718) 522-1711)

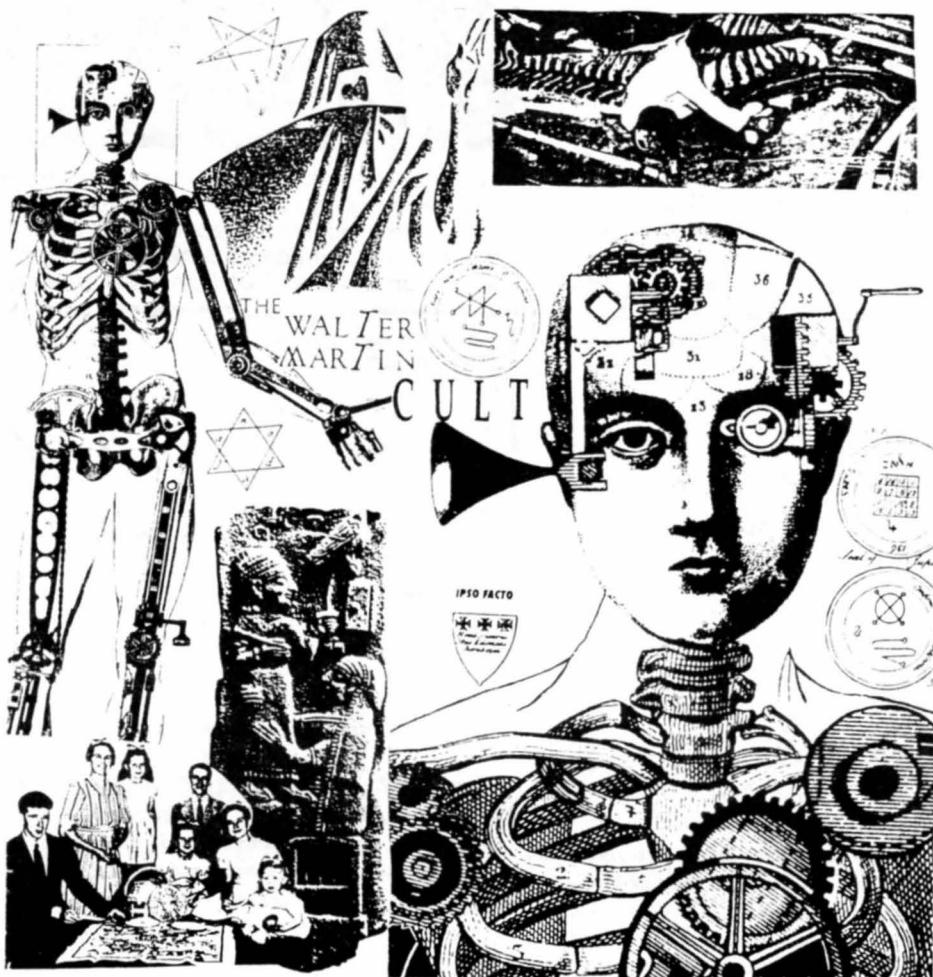


John Thaxton

30-min

Randy X

These songs are very much in the folk tradition of story-telling and love songs, but listening to this tape, I'm reminded of Lou Reed circa 'Rock 'n' Roll Animal' or late-70s Clash or Dream Syndicate. Randy X writes, 'John Thaxton is the minstrel of the bike messenger scene. By day, he rides the streets of San Francisco and by night, he plays the clubs. His songs tell decadent stories of the streets; yet they are full of hope. His lyrics reflect many emotions: yearning, confusion, cynicism. His singing is uninhibited and raggedly soulful.' I think Thaxton's voice (i.e. his vision) would be well-used in telling decadent stories of the streets, however, there's not a lot of that



here. What there is, is 'Strawberry Girl' which is a simple calling-out-for-love song; 'Wasted On Drugs'-- widespread degradation caused by drug abuse; 'Western Messenger'-- 'But soon it was revealed/That her heart was made of steel/But I'd like to ride your bicycle'; 'Ghost On Montgomery Street'-- about a messenger's ghost; 'Angel of Death'-- about a man suddenly snapping and going down to the Post Office and killing people; 'Ballad of John Holmes'-- 'This is the ballad of John Holmes/He got high and he got stoned/He got big and he got paid/John C. Holmes died of AIDS'; 'Foreign Shores'-- about going to find a love that went away; and 'Playing Jaks in Reno'-- about finding love in a friend. John is backed on these songs by the Folk Kings who do, as Randy writes, '....give the songs a manic edge; driven but fragile, as if they could fall apart at any moment.' This tape has made me hungry for more material from this 'raggedly soulful' artist. A very good tape. (\$4 from Randy X, PO Box 289, B.U. Station, Boston, MA 02215)



→ Dance Naked.
The Hidden God
46-min
audiofile Tapes

Haunting, excellent transcendental songs with bite by this London band. Lots of activity in a flowing sort of way. Reminiscent of Human League or Depeche Mode at times, but much more vital, hard-hitting and passionate. Instrumentation is keyboards, guitars, electronic drums and percussion-- the standard modern lineup..... but standard, these songs definitely are not. These pieces are not wild with abandon. They explore spirituality with some emotion-- to good effect, I might add. (\$5.50, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)

→ The Bud Collins Trio
Watching Channel Zero
90-minutes

This is truly an amazing tape!! Jazz, funk, reggae, pop, psychedelic, rock 'n' roll thrown together in a seamless whole. These five guys have their sound together. The arrangements are tight. Varied time signatures executed flawlessly. Mouth-watering precision. You simply must own this tape. Enough said..... (50 Thompson Rd., North Franklin, CT 06254; (203) 429-0465)

→ Violence and Sacred
Failure Parade
60-min
audiofile Tapes

Music by which to 'spaghettitize your brain'. To simply call this a collage of sounds would be a disservice, because this tape is fantastically diverse in its construction. Fanatical preachers, medical texts, an interview with a woman who was abused as a child- all interwoven amongst tortured guitars and occasional keyboard textures. Anyone interested in the art of sound sculpture should definitely check this tape out. (\$6, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)

→ SPONGE
Wand Inside Jar
60-minutes
audiofile Tapes

Eerie post-hardcore instrumental terror excursions augmented with occasional vocals from this Scottish band. These pieces sound both improvised and thought-out, which is the ultimate plateau in this kind of work. Spacey psychedelic synthesizer augments a mainly guitar-oriented instrumentation. If you're like me, and the guy next to you plays Cher's 'We All Sleep Alone' over and over, and the guy below you has a piano that wakes you up at 2:30 in the morning stuttering 'Time in a Bottle' and a million Barry Manilow songs-- this is the perfect tape to help you maintain the necessary cynical balance in your decadent existence. Get it, or forget it. Hah!! (\$6, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, you certainly know the place by now don't you?)

NEW! STOP UGLY NAIL FUNGUS

HEALTHY-NAIL™ stops the embarrassment, pain, odor of unsightly fungus on toe and finger nails. Built-in brush make it easy to apply twice daily. 1-oz. bottle good for full treatment. **Satisfaction guaranteed** or your money back. Send check or money order for

Clip and Mail

\$9.80 today.

Atlantic Drugs, Dept. 6-T
8778 S.W. 8th St.
Miami, Florida 33174

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____



→ Mystery Hearsay
Halos and Thorns
60-minutes
audiofile Tapes

More electronic guitar-&-synthesizer-based dark-mood music. This is more varied and atmospheric (if I use that word one more time, you'll scream--right?....ATMOSPHERICATMOSPHERICATMOSPHERIC!) than SPONGE's tape, but less forceful. It sufficiently occupies its own dark universe. It conjures up images of abandoned cities, nuclear winters and demonic pleasure domes. I guess I like it. (\$6, Carl Howard-- audiofile Tapes, and you know where)

→ DEAF CHILD
Conceived and performed by Bo Anderson with Ron Molino contributing synthesizers on one song-- this tape fluxuates between pieces which approach an almost conventional song structure and others that explore Industrial-type noise. Anderson seems to be searching for things within his work-- not necessarily for any 'answers', but for something within the dark reaches inside himself. My favorite piece is 'You Are Dead,' which is quite a stinging attack on people in general and comments on the possible alienation this artist feels in a world he didn't make. I think this work holds more promise than he has shown in these few pieces, and I look forward to hearing more and seeing it develop. (Bo Anderson, 2401 Killarney Way, Bellevue, WA 98004)

→ Shadow-Play
Another Autumn Day
40-minutes
Individual Pop

This tape was written and performed by Michael Scholz from West Germany. There's a definite European feel to this.

Distortion-box guitar and great, watery bass lines dominate. Scholz' lyrics (sung in english) explore personal depths. These are all songs executed with passion and intelligence. (\$5, Claus Korn-- Individual Pop, Alte Burgstr. 1, 8830 Treuchtlingen, WEST GERMANY)

Shawn Swagerty
Storefront Bar/b/q
46-minutes

Shawn Swagerty creates music in a fusion of Musique Concrete, Beat, and punk that explores subversive themes on a personal basis. 'Authority', which was actually written by someone named Kappes contains the words, '1...2... kill some more, 3...4... kill some more, 5...6... kill some more, Authority kills the mind.... We lost our way in Vietnam, charcoal grill for someone's lawn.... Airbrushed posters crowd the walls, freedom's home in shopping malls, just buy one-- the rest are free, happiness is born a'free.... Authority kills the mind.... Night and blood are nothing new, for the world inside.... Think in lies for Mom and Dad, TV Jesus was all they had.... Authority kills the mind.... The customer is always right.' Swagerty has definitely created an interesting amalgamation of musical styles in which to carry his thoughts. I think he's left much room for growth that makes me excited to hear more. (Shawn Swagerty, 428, Ridge St. NW, Washington, DC 20001-4622)

Shawn Swagerty Et Al.
The Garbagy Terrain
30-minutes

This tape starts out with a hardcore/industrial rant, followed by a reording of a spoken letter from a lady at Christmas time slowly electronically altered to become seriously warped (perhaps a comment on the inanity of the average American life), followed by the holocaustal 'In Meiner Heimat' with its agonized guitar and army-boot percussion. Side two begins with a great stereo-imaged spoken word, feedback around more spoken letter; then 'Shut Your Fuckmouth' is that phrase repeated with words switched around with a guitar exercise going on around it that turns into a hardcore guitar progression; then 'Name is Steven' has a mix of phased and calliope-like keyboards and halfway through the song (and continuing into the next), the styles and noises (musical, actually) become varied and hyper-mutated. Then we get some dog or wolf barking and howling. Then there's a real Industrial piece with guitar and percussion (very jarring) with good stereo imagery again halfway through. Then we get a pretty straight-forward thrash-type song.

There's son much going on in this tape that it's simply impossible to listen to it passively. This work is a definite progression from 'Storefront.....' that sees Swagerty exploring his musical vision ever-further. Good stuff. Good artist.
(Shawn Swagerty, see above address)

Various Artists
Hail Tapes Compilation
60-minutes
Individual Pop

This tape contains many styles of music-- from acoustic quasi-folk to dark, New Wave (most lean towards the latter category, however). All these bands deliver very top-notch material (sung in english). The songs are interspersed with various snippets from radio shows from several European countries. I must admit to a certain initial hesitation on my part to delve into the international tape culture-- but this is really unfounded and, therefore, stupid. First off, at least in this case (and this case is really not an exception), the price is right; secondly, from the time I sent a letter to the time I received these tapes was only a week and a half, max-- so time is not a factor (i.e. not a problem); and finally, there's some value to be had simply from the exchange between cultures-- and this feels good, ya know? So I guess I'm saying that tape culture has no boundaries and should be approached that way. (\$5, Claus Korn-- Individual Pop, Alte Burgstr. 1, D-8830 Treuchtlingen, WEST GERMANY)

Jack Scratch
12-25-88

Very fine demo from this Chicago band. Garage-type, energetic songs with lyrics from the pint of view of someone searching for a way in this life with titles like, 'Promises,' 'When Worlds Collide,' 'Broken Dreams' and 'So Far From Home.' This is a great tape to play loud in your car, and let the energy carry you wherever you're going. (Dave B., 1536 N. Oakley, Chicago, IL 60622; (312) 278-6007)

Victimized Karcass
Trial of Murder
Harsh Reality

HR's description of this tape reads, 'Another rockin' electronic Karcass jam. This time around Mike Jackson (Cephalic Index & member of Karcass when he is in town) joins in on this slab of delight. True psychedelic rock here folks, as the Karcass take you on their little trip. Special guest appearance by Mystery Hearsay.' And quite a little trip it is. This is mostly guitar-driven. I could do without the endless groaning vocal, however. But this is still a great tape for when you're in one of those moods (and I think you know what I mean). HR also has a catalog available (over 100 tapes!). You might send \$1 for it. (\$4.50, Harsh Reality Music, PO Box 241661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661)

BOOMERANG EFFECT
A phobia of Drowning....
A scenario of Sorrow....
Death in Violent Flesh....
Slipping, Tripping onto the Spiral Staircase....
Wrangled Scruples Shackle The Lunatic....
Floating Incognito on the Seering Summit....
Waiting to Bid you Farewell in His Crushing Arms....
--Lars



Acoustic Medicine

Return of the Circle
Prayers Go Out

Acoustic Medicine Productions

You might say this is the perfect music for the new spiritual age. The first tape has a line-up of eleven people, while the second's is pared down to just three. I like the second much better. The first reminds me a little too much of the Age of Aquarius, and its choruses are repeated for what seems like an eternity (this may be for some kind of trance-like effect). The second tape adds more instrumental backing with some very good acoustic guitar and piano by Donald Funk (the piano on 'Spirit Flying in the Sky' is especially wonderful). This is recommended listening for those times when you feel like getting back to your earthy roots and obtaining a sort of spiritual one-ness with the soul of nature. The exact opposite of Victimized Karcass, I might add (and a compliment to both I would imagine). (Acoustic Medicine Productions, PO Box 1082, Ojai, CA 93023; (805) 646-9721)

2 Car Family

7" Single

These two songs remind me a lot of the The Vibrators-- late 70s English punk with very good hooks and tight arrangements. This single's pretty good, but I can't help thinking they could use with some background vocals on the choruses and a thicker, bassy-er sound on the guitars. Don't discount this band though. Afterall, after only six months of being together they've released a cassette, a single and an album! Plus they're going on tour this Summer. Good luck to 'em. I think they have the makings for a very entertaining unit. And go see them if they come to your hometown.



UNDULATE IN THE RAW

Loosing and angry shrieks
unthread like teeth
in an acid zipper
Lock-jawed gaping mouth
plies free of bonded clasps.
A tense, lone tear
stains heat-tinged flesh
The soulful wandering eye
holds fixed pain in mind.
Condemned and injured tongue
is silenced to mute ears.
Piercing Images twist and gore
as splintered regrets wedge beyond depths.
--Laura Swenson (Lars)

STINGING SHARDS

He told her he hated her
and turning his callous back
He eagerly walked away
crushing her brittle heart
within his unwavering palm.
Careless unfolding fingers
release the blood drawn pieces
before a faint chilling wind
salvages her meager remains.
Suspending the trembling relics
in an endless tortured flight
as the screaming, stinging rains
break at the hushed breezes.
Wanton despair chases in love
only to feel her slip away
as abscessed caresses
run in the empty air.
--Lars



'zine reviews

Cassette Mythos

Cassette Conspiracy 1988
\$1
PO Box 2391
Olympia, WA 98507

Cassette Mythos is an organization dedicated to the underground cassette culture. For \$1 you can get a huge double-sided poster containing on one side a list of all of their Audio Arts Digest Tapes-- these tapes are sort of compilations which feature snippets from lots and lots of cassette artists and what each of them do and what kinds of things they have available; this allows you to sample each artist and then pick and choose the ones that interest you-- and on the other side is a listing of over 350 cassette artists and their addresses.

This is an invaluable resource for those who want to get involved in the underground cassette culture. I highly recommend it.

Cassette Mythos is also in the process of publishing a book which will document the history of cassette culture along with how-to's and the like and hundreds of contact addresses. After which, they will be publishing regular updates in newsletter form. This will now serve to bring together all the many thousands of participants in cassette culture, and hopefully help to foment a thriving growth in the movement. I'm real excited about the prospects of this venture. All of you budding cassette artists out there should really get involved in this exciting field. It's a real chance to break some ground in this infant art form that has seemingly endless room for growth and experimentation.

WDC Period

Fall-Winter 1988, #17-- \$2 ppd.
C/O Chow Chow Productions
1830 Irving St. NW
Washington DC 20010

This is a local DC-area 48-page tabloid mostly to do with things of an alternative nature. There's lots of sick photos and pictures and comics-- there's a photo of Siamese twin infants joined at the face and torso on the cover to give you an idea.... And to show you how sick I really am, I really like this 'zine.

The writing is excellent, setting it apart from a lot of other 'zines covering the same turf (or trying to anyway). There's an article called, "Alternative Exits: Creative Suicide for the Pathetically Lost" which was laughing-out-loud hilarious.

There's also a Butthole Surfers interview, movie reviews and cassette and album reviews to round out this loaded publication. Get it-- it's good.

Chemical Imbalance

#8-- \$4 (\$13/4 issues)
Box 1656 Cooper Station
NY, NY 10276

This is the best 'zine I have ever read. Every article was well written and provocative. I guess with the likes of Richard Meltzer and Mike McGonical writing for you, you can't go wrong-- and they don't. There's a Peter Bader comic that is just fantastic. Book reviews that make me have to run right out and discover what I've been missing in my pathetic, so-called existence. An interview with people talking about The Hard-Ons, that is mostly just attacks on the people involved and asides towards The Hard-Ons-- real cool. Live show reviews by people who have obviously been around and aren't running around agape at every show that strolls into town-- Sonic Youth was lame this time and they actually said so. The Galaxie 500 write-up was pretty starry-eyed, actually. A great write-up on Steve Fisk more than offsets this though. Some drawings by Jad Fair that were fair. Lengthy Peter Bagge and Robert Williams interviews-- RW's sure been making the underground mag rounds hasn't he? A Nick Tosches interview (he's a writer) that is revealing even though I've never heard of him, living under a rock like I do. A marvelous obituary to Lester Bangs by Nick Tosches. "How I Spent My Summer Vacation", by Matt Groening. Surrealistic anecdotes about Russian writers-- "One day Pushkin decided to have a duel with Gogol. Pushkin said: --'Shoot! You first!'

--'What me? No, you!'

--'What me? No, you!'

So they never did have their duel."

And that is only half way through this issue, which is 140 pages long! Get this or you'll be ignorant for the rest of your life..... I mean it.



The Altered State

Vol. 5 No. 1-- \$2 "donation"
C/O Laura Secor
525 W. Prospect Ave.
State College, PA 16801

This is a college based xerox 'zine which is really pretty good. Good writing by all involved. I especially liked "Letter to Shelly" by Ann Gorman which is a never-sent letter to someone who used to be a friend but is now a stranger. Some of the poetry is windy and some of it is not so windy-- but most of it's pretty good ("Walking Poem" with the accompanying photo is my favorite). "Four Men. One Destiny" by John Greenfield is great, showing three Duke Harris (from Dooonesbury) look-alikes. The artwork is pretty decent also.

All in all, I like this 'zine, but \$2 is too much to pay for it. I actually think you could get it for less if you don't want to be so generous.

ELVIS

Are you tired of problems with money, love, your job, or just plain bad luck? Let ELVIS solve your problems. Tap into the force of ELVIS and unleash your full potential by uncovering the secret prayer of ELVIS. The limited edition ELVIS Power Disk will

help you do just this.

**EACH MAGIC
TALISMAN
IS A ONE-OF-A-KIND
COLLECTOR'S ITEM!**

SEND \$3 NOW TO:

The Church of Elvis

Suite 2-377

2103 Harrison Ave. NW

Olympia, WA 98502

The Love Practices

What anyone can do right here and now to help relieve the worldwide love famine.....
by Danny of Leela Rasa Services

Love All As Yourself Regard the whole universe as your Great Self and see the personality/body self as a wave or drop of the Ocean of the Universe. Consciously follow these teachings of Jesus (which are in harmony with the teachings of Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Taoism, Judaism, Confucianism, etc.): "Love your neighbor as yourself" "Do unto others as you would have them do to you."

Concentrate on spiritual/philosophical development/devotion Give this priority in your lifestyle.

Do not participate in armies It is truly said, "A planet with armies is a planet with a Love famine." Do not participate in armies. Do not work for army sustaining industries, etc. (such as weapons manufacture). Do not vote for or give any other political support to persons who favor the maintaining of armies. Support the "Melting of the armies into LOVE"—that is, the re-channeling/the transformation of the energy that builds and maintains armies into loving, constructive uses. (Practicing Christians, Buddhists, Taoists, Hindus, etc. will understand the practical importance of these teachings of Jesus: "Love your enemies" "Return good for evil" "Resist not evil").

Center your life in the service of the Happiness & Love of All.

Cultivate attitude of Universal Family and Universal Marriage.

Spiritually center your media diet (TV, radio, movies, records, newspapers, books, magazines, etc.) Don't bathe your mind in a dualistic, negative, problem-filled, unhappy, un-loving media (ideation) environment. Use of media should be: to spiritually center, to joyfully delight, to expand horizons, to uplift spirits, to create feelings of love, peace, harmony, etc.

Practice the love, worship, adoration, and enjoyment of the Divine.

Only use mind/consciousness altering/affecting substances (psychoactive substances) *sacramentally* with spiritual/philosophical discipline/devotion Examples of some such substances: coffee, alcoholic beverages—beer, wine, etc., marijuana, tea, opium products, coca/cocaine, tobacco, cocoa/chocolate, LSD, cola & caffeinated beverages, magic mushrooms, etc., etc., etc.

Of the Three Diets—Spiritual, Mental, and Physical —give first priority to Spiritual, second priority to Mental and third priority to Physical.

Sacramentalize erotic play/sexuality Use these guidelines:

- ➡ Sacred Dance/Play/Ecstasy/Joy
- ➡ Open – Free -- No ego exclusivity
(bring erotic play more into the "Open Air and Sunshine")
- ➡ Spontaneous mutuality of appeal
- ➡ Sacramentally-centered association vibrationally important

Practice attitudes of non-possessiveness, non-attachment, and no ego-ownership Enjoy/Use without small-self-centered possessiveness and ownership. See the universal Divine as the sole real "owner" of all and everything. Remember that the Infinite Divine

Love-Wisdom-Energy always provides you with whatever you need to serve/play your part in Its amazing, wondrous, ineffable, fathomless, vast, vast, vast Creation.

Do not limit yourself to, do not get caught up in, and do not give priority to narrow identification and allegiances (such as body/personality, family, nation, sexual group, race, "in-group", etc.). Give allegiance to the universal love & welfare and identify yourself with Infinite, Eternal Spirit.

Pay attention to how you use your attention Invest your attention in loving, high-minded, spiritually/philosophically harmonious ways. Give attention to the vibrational levels you want to cultivate, to develop. "Where there is Love, I'll tune in."

Be spiritually adventurous The spiritual teaching of Jesus, Krishna, Buddha, Mohammed, Lao Tzu (Tao Te Ching), etc. are so powerful that the solid practice of just one of their principal teachings would be, for most, a spiritual adventure that would have life transforming and transfiguring effect. (For example: the teaching of Jesus about livelihood found in Luke Chapter 12 Verses 22-34).

Use the talents, resources, materials, money, etc. that God has put in your stewardship lovingly for the universal welfare— for love, worship, adoration, and enjoyment of the Divine Love-Wisdom-Energy.

Actively cultivate a cosmic perspective Bathe yourself daily in the VAST Natural Beauty such as the skies, the stars, the oceans—the vast, vastness of Being—the mind-boggling harmony and balance, the interweaving and interrelationships, the intricate patterns, plays, purposes, the rich tapestries, the infinite intelligence that produces the actuality and reality of the wondrous wonder-filled show we call life—including billions of full-color, stereo, total sensory, spellbindingly absorbing movies daily just on Planet Earth alone.

Make leaders and celebrities only of LOVING-HEART people— beings whose hearts expand to embrace all mankind and the whole universe.

Practice vegetarianism

Concentrate on awakening to the Great Divine Feast of Life, the perennial LOVE FEAST, the essential, self-so SAT-CHIT-ANANDA (BEING-AWARENESS-BLISS) which underlies the manifestation of the universe.

Practice truthfulness (the language of Love).

In general, sacramentalize and lovingly, spiritually/philosophically center all the activities (thought, word, and deed) of your life. And keep an open mind. Remember—mankind is not at a stage where it can encompass reality comprehensively comprehendingly, where it can make sense of it all, where it can't "grok" the universe in its totality. So don't stop the ingress of unfolding horizons. Don't freeze the FOUNTAIN. Don't encage Ecstasy. Stay open to/for the ever-blossoming forth, the ever-fruiting cornucopia of new delights. Find repose, refuge, and serenity in the reality, the immediate actuality, the Divine Love-Wisdom-Energy that permeates the universe.

Crow's Feet?



Smooth 'em away! GUARANTEED!!

Try our amazing lotion
risk-free. It smooths away ugly
"Crow's Feet" and makes the
delicate area around your eyes
soft and young-looking.
GUARANTEED!

No need to suffer the embarrassment of seeing those awful "Crow's Feet" in your mirror ever again. Our unique lotion is all-natural, 100% pure (no chemicals!) and is **guaranteed** to work. Just apply a few drops to the delicate area around your eyes each day and watch your EYE LINES START TO DISAPPEAR. There's nothing on the market that compares to this lotion. It is safe, effective, non-toxic and comes with a **SPECIAL REPORT** which tells the amazing secret of why it works so good. You simply must try it to believe it. It's **that** good. Really! 100% Moneyback Guarantee. (P.S. The photos above are of the same woman!)

CHRISTY ADAMS LTD., DEPT. MW3
1138 Elmwood Ave., Deerfield, IL 60015
Yes, rush me your 100% GUARANTEED
lotion immediately by 1ST CLASS MAIL.
 ONE BOTTLE just \$9.95 plus \$1 P&H.
 SAVE \$2.00! TWO BOTTLES just \$19.90
and WE'LL PAY POSTAGE!
Enclosed is cash check money order

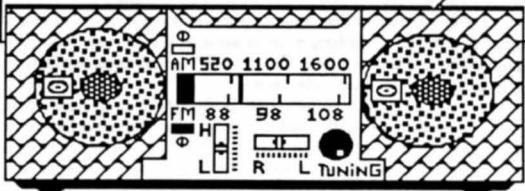
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

RADIO!



I hope to make this a regular column, featuring radio stations that may play independent tapes. If you know of any, please forward the pertinent information. Anything else regarding radio of concern to cassette culture would also be greatly appreciated.....

I recently received a postcard notice from an outfit selling the names and addresses of 250 radio stations which play independent material for \$25. Is it just me, or does that seem like a lot of money to pay for a couple sheets of paper? Sure, the information is probably of great value-- but \$25?! C'mon people, most of us out here in Cassette Land just don't have that kind of money. Once we've shelled out the \$25, plus the \$3 or so to make a tape and mail it to some radio station that may or may not play the thing, and also may or may not give out the necessary information in order to receive contact from a possible listener; that \$25 really becomes quite a large obstacle to justify. I would also think that charging \$5 for the information would garner you an increase in response that would offset your decrease in profit-per-order.

The following stations and notes were gathered from Factsheet Five, issues 28 and 29:

CKUT 90.3 FM (Ste. B-15, 3480 McTavish St., Montreal, PQ H3A 1X9, CANADA) is the McGill University FM station and it seems to be growing fast. They sent [Mike] a whole stack of playlist stuff as well as the news that they're doing an experimental compilation cassette in April.

KFAI-FM (1518 E. Lake St. #209, Minneapolis, MN 55407) reportedly plays all sorts of progressive and underground music.

KAOS 89.3 FM (Evergreen State College, CAB 305, Olympia, WA 98505)

Jacek Mlodochowski (Lubicz 23, 35-230 Rzeszow, POLAND) writes, "I got a show in the student radio station called 'CENTRUM' & I got a request. Could you advertise that I'm searching for indie music for my show? If somebody would like to send me some I'll play it."

Steve Peters writes, "When I was in Spain, I came across Radio Bigarda Libre in the small mountain town of Cuenca. Mostly run by teenagers out of a ratty old apartment w/ratty old equipment (they had a blaster plugged into the board playing 20th generation dubs of American speedmetal cassettes). This is a semi-underground (legal but non-government supported) station that will play all sorts of stuff & is hungry for music but has no money. People should send records or

SIS
3-

cassettes of their favorite music to: Radio Bigarda Libre, c/o Florentino Canas Moya, Alfonso VIII #79, Bajos 3rd Plta., 16001 Cuenca, SPAIN."

RICE RADIO (PO Box 1892, Houston, TX 77251) is the radio station at Rice University in Houston.

WKDI (544 College Ave., Dekalb, IL 60115) plays mostly indies.

KRUI (KRUI Student Radio, 897 South Quad, Iowa City, IA 52242) is looking for more "music on the fringe of the contemporary realm" to play for their listeners. It also features Lloyd Dunn's *RadioStatic* show from the underground.

Lisa Herskovitz (PO Box 319, Stuyvesant Stn., NY, NY 10009-0319), publisher of **BIKINI GIRL**, is putting together a new show of indie music, small 'zines and esoterica for WFMU-FM in East Orange. Those interested in being promoted should send two copies, one direct to Lisa and one to the station at Upsala College, Prospect St., East Orange, NJ 07019. She also wants to have 'zine editors visit the show and talk as her guests.

Radio Le Havre (c/o P. Soubielle, 59 rue Edmond Moyer, 76620 Le Havre, FRANCE) is anxious to get more U.S. indies on their playlist. They're playing stuff like Angst, Fuzztones, Brian Wilson, and Throwing Muses now.

And, lastly, I'm (**GAJOOB**, that is) planning on putting together a regular (i.e. timely) cassette radio show to send to various stations. I'd welcome any comments, ideas, advice, etc. concerning this endeavor and the possibilities thereof.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rumour--

"The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter? Rumour is pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
....And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs."
--William Shakespeare

STOOPID WORLD NEWS

Stoopid World News

from Weekly World News

Judge Alfred Washington found himself on the wrong side of the bench when he was fined \$400 for disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. The 47-year-old judge from Jacksonville, Fla., was attending a cocktail party for judges at a local hotel. "The incident was precipitated wholly by myself," the judge said. Police were called to the scene, finding Judge Washington lying in the parking lot. He cursed and kicked when they handcuffed him and put him in the squad car, the cops said. The Judge pleaded no contest to the charges.

A failing college student has filed a \$20 million lawsuit against his wealthy parents, claiming his bad grades and dismal prospects for the future are a direct result of inferior qualities he inherited from them. According to his attorney, Max Weber, "Karl Luden has below average looks, less than average intelligence, limited athletic ability, no special talent and no marketable skills. What we have here is a young man who was raised in a priveleged environment. His father, Jon Ludin, is a financial consultant whose services are in demand by both private concerns and government. His mother is a beautiful woman, but is not bright. The boy has a pretty mother and he ends up with his father's looks. He's got an intelligent father, he gets his mother's brains. It isn't fair."

A Swiss newspaper reports that a Zurich housewife found a human ear in a jar of spaghetti sauce. The authorities could not explain how the ear got there and would not identify the brand of sauce.

A Chinese peasant told authorities in Beijing that one of his chickens has laid a golden egg "on at least three occasions during the night of the full moon." The elderly farmer said each egg was the size of a regular egg but that it weighed close to a pound.

An elderly Sacramento, Calif., man was killed instantly by a tree stump. Delbert Boggs, 78, had one end of a rope attached to his truck and the other end to the stump, which popped out of the ground and hit him.

A 70-year-old man went to the hospital complaining of a headache and found out that he had been shot in the head! Feliciano Villegas of New York City waited nine hours for treatment at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx before a doctor arranged for a CAT scan and found the bullet in his brain. Officials said the old man had no idea he had been shot. He was finally admitted to the hospital and was in critical but stable condition after the bullet was removed, a spokesman said.

An 85-year-old woman who beat her older sister to death with a mop has been found guilty of manslaughter and ordered not to leave her retirement home.

Pretty brunette, Julie Storey, 28, drank herself to death-- by downing 40 vodka cocktails! The Folkestone, England, divorcee was celebrating with a boyfriend when she passed out on the floor and was left alone to sleep it off.

A violent group of neo-Nazis ran onto an opera stage and sprayed the singer with tear gas and ink as she bleted out a tune celebrating the French Revolution. The group of masked skinheads shouted, "Long live the King," during their attack in the Paris theater. Helene Delavault, the 38-year-old singer, was released after treatment at a local hospital. Her attackers all escaped, said French police.

Keepers at the Los Angeles Zoo threw a party for the gorillas and showered them with presents, but the bash was a bust--because the adult apes hogged all the gifts and wouldn't let the little ones have any of them! "They were not quick to share their new toys with their children," admitted zoo spokesman Lora LaMarca.

An 82-year-old motorist swerved his car to avoid hitting a dog on a city street-- jumping a curb and striking a woman walking her baby in a stroller, according to police in Clearwater Fla. The mother and her child escaped serious injury. The man, Peter Zias, was cited for careless driving.

A would-be car thief hopped into a car parked with the motor tunning and drove off without realizing that the other occupant of the front seat was real live blind boy and not a teddy bear, say cops. Police say they later arrested a suspect.

Sexy porno star, Sara Lucas, was filming her latest blue movie when she took a tragic tumble-- and smashed her 50-inch silicone breasts as flat as pancakes.

A grief-stricken brother and his sisters identified their father's body at a hospital morgue, held a funeral and had the corpse cremated before learning their father was still alive. "We do not know who we cremated," said Subramaniam Nadarajah of Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Several hours after the funeral, a friend told the relatives he had seen their father praying at a nearby Hindu temple, where they discovered him. The father had been missing for seven weeks.

You can save yourself money by mailing yourself anywhere in the U.S. if you weigh 70 pounds or less and can fit in a box. A 50-pound midget once mailed himself from New York to Los Angeles to win a \$500 bet. It cost him \$68.15 postage, when first-class airfare would have cost more than \$400. "There are basic common sense restrictions, but we accept most anything as long as it does not weigh over 70 pounds in one parcel and it's properly wrapped," said Meg Harris of the U.S. Postal Service. You can't mail kittens or

puppies because they would starve. And it's been illegal to mail entire building since 1916 when a man sent a 40,000-ton brick house across Utah in 571 packages weighing 70 pounds each.

A 6-foot-4, 310-pound man was charged with manslaughter after he rolled over in his bed and crushed his little 14-month-old son. "Social services workers had warned Strause not to sleep in the same bed with the little boy because of his size, but he paid no attention to them," said police Investigator Anthony Manzolillo.

Ninth-grader, Lario Alcorta, wrote Charles Manson as part of a Grand Island, Nebr., school project, asking him about his future plans and if he would kill again if he was ever freed. Manson wrote, "You want one to fix what many have done.... People have made me to be all the frills of their own world and put me up to die for it." Lario's mother wasn't too thrilled about her son writing to Manson in the first place.

Sen. Ryan Shealy of Lexington, S.C., plans to introduce a bill in the South Carolina Senate, forming a Commission on Men to combat "the steady erosion toward men becoming wimps."

Rats are popping up in toilets all over town and residents of St. Paul, Minn., aren't happy about the situation. But a city official offered a solution-- simply flush them right back down the drain.

A Canadian sculptor was charged with outraging the public decency after he created and displayed a woman's head with freeze-dried human fetuses as earrings. Mark Stephens, attorney for the art gallery that displayed the sculpture, argued that the artist did not mean to offend anyone. "The sculpture was intended to show the place of humans in society. When it was on display, no member of the public complained." Authorities, who seized the sculpture and filed charges against the artist, said he could land in jail for life.

Graffiti in Miami's "Little Havana" sector was a takeoff on Bobby McFerrin's popular song, "Don't Worry, Be Happy." The sign said, "Don't Work, Be Happy."

A husband is suing his wife's lover for \$2,000 because the guy got her drunk and had his name tattooed on her thigh. The sum is for the cost of the removal of the tattoo.

Junior high school teacher, David Ellis, has been fined \$400 for slashing a 12-year-old student with a knife. The student told the court in Bath, England, he was talking in class when Ellis, 37, picked up a knife and asked him, "Do you want your wrist slashed?" The boy said he thought the math teacher was joking, so he rolled back his shirt sleeve and told him to go ahead. Ellis then

opened an inch-and-a-half gash in the student's arm. He said he cut the student by accident, but the court found him guilty.

A gawker from the audience of a club in Newcastle Upon Tyne, England, ran screaming from the stage in agony after he let a stripper take his clothes off, pour baby oil on his private parts and set them on fire with a cigarette lighter.

Guards posted outside the Columbian Parliament in Bogota have been given orders to keep out any woman wearing a miniskirt-- "to ensure more tranquil legislative sessions."

A teenage boy learning to be a life-guard was tossed into the icy night waters of the ocean during a training exercise and froze to death. The crew training with 16-year-old Alex Squance of Sidford, England, were supposed to circle him in their boat and pick him up. But they lost the poor teen in the dark and when he was found four hours later, he had frozen to death.

An arrogant bandit stuck up a bank, got away with an undisclosed amount of money-- then called up the bank to thank them for the loot! "Ten minutes after he hit the bank he called up and thanked them for their service and told them the money will be well spent," said Vancouver, Canada, police Detective Bjorn Bjornson. The crook is still at large.

A wealthy woman known as the Countess of Death has been charged with killing the five husbands she supposedly divorced-- then stuffing and mounting them in a secret trophy room in the basement. "These poor men were standing up, dressed in formal or casual clothes. One husband, a chess expert, was across the room, standing by a board pondering the game," said Police Lt. Sinan Zeid in Tatvan, Turkey.

A man who swallowed \$21 worth of coins suffered anemia, caused by a mineral reaction, until the coins were removed from his stomach, according to a report in *Physician's Weekly*.

A 563-pound hair dresser ate such an enormous meal at a bridal shower her skin split open! Bertha Merkin, 38, from Devonport, New Zealand, survived but was reported in serious condition.

A tough judge stunned spectators in a packed divorce court by ordering a mild-mannered hubby to put his domineering wife over his knee and spank her immediately! "It is time you acted like a man," Family Law Judge Claude Michelet told Henry Martin after listening to hours of testimony from the accountant's nagging wife, Suzette. When the timid husband hesitated, the judge threatened to throw him in jail for contempt of court. "If more husbands behaved like barbarians instead of hairdressers, we wouldn't need divorce courts," the judge said.

Reading on the toilet can be hazardous to your health say doctors at John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford, England. According to the doctors, the habit of reading on the toilet can lead to an increased risk of hemorrhoids.

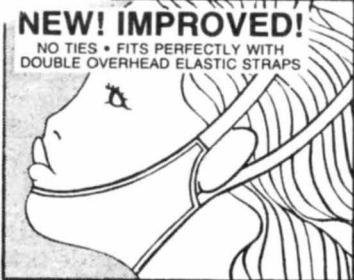
Despite protests from outraged human-rights groups, scores of male petty crooks in Hong Kong, from 13 to 27 years of age, are bound hand and foot, stripped naked and lashed with a stout rattan cane. The flogging is usually accompanied by a six-month stint in the slammer.

Town officials in Putnam Valley, N.Y., made a costly mistake when they evicted a lovable little tabby cat named Muffin from their public library-- and lost \$80,000 in canceled donations.

Traffic cops in Glassboro, N.J., issued a ticket to a woman suffering from multiple sclerosis for not having lights on her motorized wheelchair, after she was almost struck by a car while crossing a street.

19-year-old motorist, Darryl Poole of Oakland, Calif., shot and killed the driver in front of him so he could speed past and get one of his passengers to a bathroom.

A 22-year-old Salt Lake City man was booked into jail Saturday after he killed an exotic bird at the Tracy Aviary in Salt Lake. The demoiselle crane, worth at least \$1200, was found dead about 8:30 a.m. Saturday inside its pen at the aviary, said Mark Stackhouse, Education and Public Relations Coordinator of the Tracy Aviary. Police believed the man sexually assaulted the bird. The suspect was booked into jail pending charges of sodomy of a bird, vandalism, criminal trespass, probation violation, aggravated assault, possession of LSD and battery, according to a Salt Lake City/County Jail booking sheet.



CHIN UP FOR BEAUTY

This three-purpose facial control CHIN BAND supports sides of face, forehead, as well as chin. Helps prevent ugly chin sag, double chin and age lines. Wear in privacy while reading, sleeping, watching TV -- see surprising results. Comfortable, washable, effective. Quality white elastic. Moneyback guaranteed. Wear one, wash one. TWO for \$10. FOUR for \$18. (Includes P&H).

We ship by FIRST CLASS US MAIL.
THE WILLOWS, Dept. CB-657
2292 Saugatuck Westport CT 06880



Prisoner B33920 clowns for the camera in a San Quentin visiting room.

SHIPS OF FOOLS

A Fable

by

Randy Paske

&

Bob Pfeffer

(The Soul Brothers)

Just sit right back and you'll read a tale-- a tale of two fateful trips. They started on a sunny day, aboard two separate ships.

On one ship, christened the "Debby Boone," were four semi-lovely pop singers-- Tiffany, Debbie Gibson, Kylie Minogue, and Whitney Houston. Nobody was sure why these four were together this fateful day.... perhaps it was a marketing ploy. At any rate, they sailed off together.

On another ship, called the "Cher," were four.... er, musicians-- Cher, Samantha Fox, Lita Ford, and Tawny Kitaen (Whitesnake's video bitch). Nobody knows why these four were together either.

The "Debby Boone" was sailing along nicely, though there was a minor rift among its passengers-- it seemed someone had stolen Tiffany's peach lipstick, and she was pissed. She stomped her pink jelly-shoe roughly on the floor of the boat. "Kylie! Did you take it?"

Kylie replied, "I don't like peach! I like tropical punch. My boyfriend said peach is-- tsk, well, icky!"

"You have a boyfriend? Tee-hee!" chimed Whitney. "Clive doesn't let me talk to boys. Tee-hee!" Debbie asked, "Well, Whitney, how can you sing about boys and love and stuff if you don't get to see them?"

A blankee stare occupied Whitney's face. "You mean I've been singing about boys? Tee-hee!"

"FUCK!" yelled Lita. "Who drank all the beer?! I've only had eight cans!"

"I drank it!" belched Cher. "Wanna fight about it?"

"You bitch, Cher!"

"Well, fuck you, it's my boat!" replied Cher.

Suddenly, the boat began to rock. "What the hell is that?" screamed Cher. "Samantha, go down and see what all that's coming from."

Samantha protested. "Why can't I make the decisions around here? Why do I have to do all the menial tasks? I have a mind too, y'know. Naughty girls can think, too!"

Cher reiterated her demand. "Samantha-- go!"

"Okay." Samantha headed down the stairs. "What a dip," burped Cher. "Wanna see my tattoo?"

"Not again," said Lita.

"And you can't dance either!" said Tiffany.

"I can dance just as well as you," replied Kylie.

"Oh, yeah? Well, let's not fight-- we'll get all sweaty and mess up our hair," reasoned Tiffany. "But we can have a dance contest," she continued. "Go."

Tiffany and Kylie began to dance awkwardly, barely able to keep their balance. Whitney tried to join in, but could only move her arms. Debbie just sat off in a corner, writing on her knee in a desperate bid to look cute.

Samantha knocked on the bedroom door below deck. "What's going on in there?"

"Sex!" yelled Tawny (Whitesnake's video bitch).

"Can I come in? Naughty girls need sex, too!"

"No! Go away!" yelled Tawny (Whitesnake's video bitch).

"Why does everybody order me around? I have my own mind. Naughty girls can think independently, too!" muttered Samantha as she headed upstairs.

"Did you find out what that was?" asked Cher, almost politely.

"Yeah. Tawny's having sex with that Whitesnake guy again."

"Christ!" yelled Lita. "Doesn't she get enough of that on car hoods?"

Changing the subject, Samantha asked, "Where are we, anyway?"

Cher answered, "The Bermuda Triangle."

"The Bermuda Triangle? Ooh, that's bad luck, isn't it?" asked Kylie. "Yeah. Tee-hee," replied Whitney. "I hope nothing bad happens."

Suddenly, a crash! Simultaneously, the "Cher" and the "Debby Boone" crashed into a much larger boat. "What the hell was that?" burped Cher. "Ooh, we just hit a big boat!" said Debbie. "I wonder whose it is."

"It's my boat! And you-all are now my slaves! Git on board and worship my being!"

"I vaguely recognize that obese ball of slime," said Tiffany.

"Oh my God!" yelled Lita. "I think it's-- ELVIS!"

"Durn right, you leather-clad maiden!" shouted Elvis. "Hey! Izzat you,-- izzat Cher? Ain't youse the one what did that 'I Got You Babe' rekkid? Where's Sonny?"

Cher gave Elvis the finger. Lita and Samantha began to snort and guffaw.

"Where are you taking us?" asked Whitney.

"I need new hula dancers! Come on an' put on these here grass skirts." The eight "ladies" slowly boarded the "Viva La Elvis."

"Where are you going to take us?" asked Debbie.

"Ah'm takin' you to muh place. It's an island, a byootiful island-- the Isle of Bad Taste. You'll fit right in. Uh-huh."

Slowly the ship faded into the distance, gradually being enveloped by the crawling mists of the sea.



I SANG WITH
BARRY MANILOW
Thursday, January 19, 1989

by

Laurie Allen

I had good seats for the show (not my favorite, but ok). Barry looked absolutely gorgeous (more so than usual), and he sounded fantastic!! He was wearing my favorites-- the turquoise jacket, black slacks and that fabulous black shirt with the white design on it.

When Barry started to sing 'Can't Smile Without You', I almost decided not to try to get picked this night because I looked so awful-- but then I thought, "What the heck, he never even looks wherever I am sitting..." And all of a sudden he turned and pointed at me, and said, "Alright, alright, how about you in the white."

Even though I was on the inside of the table (and you all know once you are in, you don't get out for *any* reason) somehow I managed to get out in record time! I think I floated up to Barry! The second Barry pointed at me, my mind went completely blank and I had to keep saying my name over and over all the way up to him so I would at least know that much!

Once up on the stage, and standing next to Barry by the piano, hip to hip, he put his arm around me and pulled me closer, and I put my arm around his waist. Then he started asking me these really hard questions like, "What's your name?"

This one I knew! "Laurie."

"From?"

"Arkansas."

So far, so good.... Barry asked the audience to welcome me and someone yelled out, "Yeah Laurie!"

"You aren't a pizza salesman or anything are you Laurie?" There were thousands of pizza people all over the hotel for a convention. "What do you do in Arkansas?"

"Nothing." Which was true, but I am now employed

"Nothing, very good, my kind of girl." Here the questions get *really* hard! "Are you married, Laurie?"

"Yes...."

"Is he here tonight?"

"No...."

"No-- very good." At this point, Barry pulled me closer to him and was rubbing and massaging my upper arm and I almost lost it altogether! "Do you know the words to 'Can't Smile Without You' Laurie?"

All this time, he was looking straight into my eyes and was about two inches from my face. Did he really expect me to remember the words to 'Can't Smile Without You'? I guess he did because he was ready to sing! And I think that's what you agree to do if you go up on stage.... but I definitely was not up there to sing! Especially when I was losing my voice like I was-- the next day it was completely gone! I was up there to be close to Barry!

Barry got a microphone and told me to hold it in my left hand (at least I was coherent enough to follow directions!) All I could think of was Debbie Gibson's song, 'Lost In Your Eyes'. Barry said, "We just missed the cue again, Laurrrrie." Which was really funny because I didn't hear any music!

I don't know how Barry expected me to sing while I was looking into his eyes and holding hands with him, but he did! So I sang! I did manage to remember the words, but while I was looking into his eyes I almost forgot the words again!

Once we got over to the center of the stage I almost lost it again when I turned to look at him. At this moment I

decided it was best not to look at him again until the song was over. That lasted about two seconds, because as we were on our way back to the piano I looked at him and he smiled, and once again I almost lost the words.

Barry had promised me he would get me through this, and he was soooo wonderful. But it wasn't the audience that made me forget the words-- it was Barry! I had forgotten the audience was even there!! My mouth was doing one thing, and my mind was doing another.

We got back over to the piano, and he said, "Wait here." And jumped on the piano! Ohmygod!! I'd forgotten about this part! Then he pulled me back between his legs and I almost fainted! The video shows it-- I missed three or four words here until Barry shoved the mic in front of my face. Now I knew if I looked at him it would all be over!

Too soon, the song was over, and he jumped down and gave me a big hug! "Don't let him stop!" I thought. Then he walked me over to the stairs and gave me a kiss (which didn't last nearly long enough).

Then he said, "Goodbye, darlin'." And I floated back to my chair, and Barry finished the song.

At the end he said, "A star is born." He then asked me how I spell my name (so he could write it on the video), and Barry must have seen the blank expression on my face. See, I did forget my name! "L - A - U - R - ??... I - E?"

That's ok, Barry, you can just call me darlin'.

Thank you, Barry, for a wonderful experience! And thank you for 'gitting me through it-- you made me the happiest person on earth and I love you for it!!! I hope you weren't covered with bruises after I was finished with you!!!!

Well, this is indeed, very strange and bizarre.. I think we can conclude from this sordid tale that Laurie seems to have some very deep-seated emotional problems.

Let's start with this line: 'My favorites.. the turquoise jacket, black slacks [more than likely, polyester.. slacks only come in polyester, pants come in cotton] and that fabulous black shirt with the white design on it [I wonder what the design is?].

Now, I've underlined some key words here.. Favorites, Slacks and Fabulous. These key words let us know that we are dealing with a rare mental disease known as *Barryus-dweebus-grekus-maximus* (*barryus-dweebus-grekus-maximus*).

Later, we find that Laurie also evidently suffers some sort of psycho-sexual problem. The clue to this is from the passage, 'My mouth was doing one thing, and my mind was doing another.' I think Sigmund Freud would call this an oral fixation. Following this, we read, "...then he pulled me back between his legs and I almost fainted! I missed three or four words until Barry shoved the mic in front of my face.' I think we all get a pretty clear picture of what is going on here-- and they talk about Heavy Metal rock concerts being filled with lewd acts!

Well, my analysis of Laurie is that she is deeply disturbed and should be locked away, or at least branded an immense sheeb. As far as Barry and his traveling band of iniquity, I think that is one for the Attorney General to decide.

Well, your pal,
Jim Ash



(ASSEFIENS)



WORDS IN EDGEWISE

So there you have it. GAJOOB #3 is finished. I really can't believe how much it's grown in only three issues! I began receiving tapes only about a week after I sent #2 to a select few people; and they just keep coming. And I hope it continues. I'd like to see the review section grow to at least 200 tapes in the next issue. I think I've added another reviewer to help with the load. My philosophy on reviewing is that I must approach each tape by trying to see what the artist is attempting to accomplish-- what are they exploring? what are their motivations? where do I think they've failed regarding these? Most of the time I've limited my discussion to simply a description of the work, believing it better to allow the artist to speak (through words or music) for his(or her)self. That's the purpose of the self-profiles in this issue (with many more hopefully to come in future issues). I've heard bits of writing concerning the quality of home taping releases, something to the effect that most of this stuff is crap. But after having listened to all the tapes I've been getting, my opinion is completely contrary. The quality of these tapes is consistently very good. Tape noise doesn't bother me-- but even that is very, very low. I'm truly impressed!

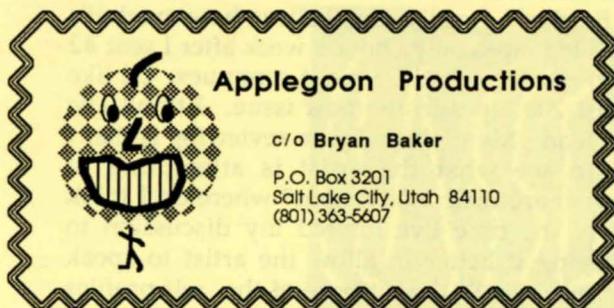
In my letter to 2 Car Family in the Letters section, I mentioned that GAJOOB will be dealing almost strictly with cassette-only releases and artists. I am very intent on sticking to this promise. Occasionally, however, a record or CD might filter into my PO Box (Flipside Records sent me one the other day, in fact), so I will therefore be obligated to at least review it. I don't know..... maybe my distinction between records and cassettes doesn't really exist. Maybe the only difference between independently released records and cassettes is in the amount of money spent to manufacture each. And then this difference becomes nonexistent also when you get into quantities around 1000. So maybe it's stupid of me to segregate GAJOOB from records and CDs. Like I said-- I don't know. Maybe if I began covering records, etc. GAJOOB would lose its identity-- this is probably the main thing. For the time being, I will remain true to cassette culture because that is what I do, and my heart lies in discovering every aspect, every individual, every thought and every practice within it. I think it's very important that GAJOOB's main thrust remain as a vehicle to promote the validity of independent recording and the people engaged in this activity; and that this type of recording is every bit as vital and worthy of merititing artistic status as any other-- if not more so, being that recording independently inherently leaves the artist with nothing to stand between his or her art and the expression of such. Again, I welcome your comments.

Speaking of comments..... I really do want to hear from you. Everybody has their own unique perspective. I think exchanging our thoughts is invaluable when it comes to progressing in our work. It's not only educational-- but most importantly, it's inspiring. I'm interested in reading about everything-- from what motivates you to record, to anything to do with the recording process itself. There are no set rules in recording, and there are none regarding the topics I'd like to see appear in future issues of this 'zine. What are your thoughts on collaborating as opposed to working alone? What kinds of people have you come into contact with through recording? What's the tape scene like in Jonesville? How do you distribute your tapes? What could labels do to enlist better support? What's the matter with cassette culture? How would you change it if you could? And so on.

You don't even have to limit your discussion to recording exclusively. C'mon! We all want to hear from you. The very nature of independent recording relies on the interchange between people involved in it. My intent in publishing GAJOOB is to have it serve as a forum for this interchange.

I look forward to it.

--Bryan Baker



Applegoon Productions

c/o Bryan Baker

P.O. Box 3201
Salt Lake City, Utah 84110
(801) 363-5607

Send To _____

